

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1900.

SIXPENCE.

Mr. Hanbury. Mr. Terry. Sir Jacob Wilson. Mr. Powell.



Prince of Wales. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. Sir W. Gilbey.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

Drawn by Mr. S. Begg.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The future of England is often painted in unflattering colours by our foreign critics; but when it comes to that kind of art, I think our native masterpieces are unrivalled. Nobody can be so gloomy about England as your Englishman when he is in the fitting humour. One of his favourite diversions is to imagine a French invasion (which is as easy as winking), and to devastate his country with fire and sword. Having reduced us to unspeakable misery, he relents, and the enemy is contemptuously ejected. But the most entertaining prophet is a writer who says that our democracy has breathed its last, and that our industrial supremacy is on its penultimate legs. He is, or was, a bit of a democrat himself. I seem to recall him as a strenuous champion of labour programmes, which were to submit to no compromise with plutocracy. But he believes in democracy no more, not even in the American variety; and he thinks that, having done pretty well as a nation of shopkeepers, we shall do still better as a nation of hotel-keepers.

The excellent proprietors of Swiss hotels must look out for competition. England, says my whilom democrat, is going to be the playground of the British Empire. We are to pull down our horrid factory-chimneys, banish smoke, turn the Potteries into neat little townships with red tiles, rescue our streams from polluting chemicals, abolish manufactures, in a word, and convert England into a garden. Hither will flock the millionaires from America and Australia. They have no cathedrals at home, poor things, no historical palaces rich in storied urns and dim religious lights, no village churches nestling in exquisite landscapes, no humanising old traditions of any kind. They will come here to be humanised, and we shall lodge them in commodious hotels, and show them the village churches for a consideration, and make ourselves generally useful, deferential, and obliging. "It is no use talking of ideals," says my oracle, "to a contented servant class"; and, as far as I can make out, most of us will belong to that class. We shall be waiters, chambermaids, butlers, valets, lady's-maids, and housekeepers. I shall read up the churches, of which I am disgracefully ignorant, and persuade some friendly Dean and Chapter to engage me as a verger. Any decent magnate from America or Australia ought to pay half-a-crown a head, and I shall take the visitors round my monuments in parties of eight. Eight half-crowns make a pound; four parties a day would bring in four pounds, or about £1250 per year, not reckoning Sundays. This promises to avert starvation.

My oracle is not merely resigned to this prospect: he hails it with a quiet satisfaction. He believes it will give deep contentment to the followers of Ruskin, who are growing so numerous. I see railways abolished, and the old stage-coaches restored; for if our island is to be preserved solely for the sake of the picturesque, the visitors will be in no hurry. Moreover, they must journey by road, or how will the rural population earn a livelihood out of the "tips" to the showmen of village churches? It is an essential part of the scheme that the great cities shall cease to be overcrowded. Instead of drifting into the towns, the villagers are to stay at home and mind their churches. London will be simultaneously relieved from the drink problem, the population problem, and the housing problem. One of those wise Germans who instruct me from time to time pointed out recently that in German cities everybody is sober, clean, and

perfect: whereas, in an English town, drunkenness is always reeling round the corner. Be patient, my Teuton friend. When next you come among us for that fortnight in which you exercise your observant mind with such merciless penetration, denied, by the way, to many Germans who, for some inscrutable purpose, have made their homes in England—when we have the honour of entertaining you again, I say, you will be struck by our social improvement. We will show you our village churches without any offensive pride. I hope you will come often to my cathedral, for I must have those two-and-thirty half-crowns every working-day.

A candid friend at Hamburg says I lack "nobility of feeling." He encloses an extract from a German newspaper, in which a certain Russian nobleman relates his experiences at St. Helena. He was a prisoner of war, and, by his own account, treated with the utmost consideration, and released at the end of six months. How does he conceive "nobility of feeling"? Here pays the generosity of his captors by complaining about the size of the prisoners' huts, and the absence of salt-cellars from General Cronje's table. So our "atrocities" at St. Helena have declined to this: we do not murder our prisoners, but we deny General Cronje the luxury of a salt-cellar. Strange to say, it is only the Boer officers who suffer privations; for the Boer soldier is better treated, and is able to sell his superfluities to his commandant. The food, says the Russian nobleman, is excellent, but there is barely enough. Such is the awful story of a prisoner, set at liberty by a special act of favour. I fear that, as it stands, it will be of little service to Mr. Stead. In the *Nineteenth Century* this month there is a most sympathetic account of the Boer prisoners by Mrs. John Richard Green, who has recently visited St. Helena. She won the confidence of the Boers, and they talked freely about the war, but they do not appear to have mentioned the absent salt-cellar.

If by "nobility of feeling" is meant a just appreciation of the high qualities shown by the Boers in the field, then I say this is precisely the regard they have inspired in this country. Nobody has denied to them the praise of valour and fortitude. In the House of Commons last week Mr. Chamberlain gave expression to a national sentiment when he said that we had no vindictive feelings towards the Boers, that we admired their courage and military skill, and believed the great mass of them to be as humane as they are brave. I suppose this attitude of the British mind is incredible to some foreign observers, or they would not, in addressing us, employ such singular methods of persuasion. Several of my solicitous readers abroad have sent me copies of "an appeal to the British people" by an eloquent Dutch editor at Amsterdam. He thinks that one way to touch both our reason and our hearts is to quote the malicious gossip of Mr. Harding Davis in *Scribner's Magazine*. It was Mr. Harding Davis who said that the British officers confined as prisoners in Pretoria had insulted the ladies who passed their windows. Forty-two ladies at Pretoria, of various nationalities, have declared this statement to be "a glaring perversion of the truth." It is somewhat infelicitous that the eloquent editor at Amsterdam, in appealing to the British people, should imagine Mr. Harding Davis to be a cogent ally. He might as well quote the endearing Bettink.

Another trifling defect in this appeal is that it is made by a man who has questioned our right to be in South

Africa at all. This eloquent editor is very strong on our bad behaviour early in the century. I remember an interview of his with the historian, Dr. Theal, who thinks just as ill of us, although he admitted some twenty years ago that our early administration of South Africa was highly commendable. The facts of that period have not changed; but Dr. Theal, without a particle of fresh evidence, has now discovered that we were no better than Jameson Raiders even then. Such is the pleasing effect of prejudice upon the historical judgment, *litera scripta* notwithstanding. Now, a Dutchman has a perfect right to believe that it would be better for South Africa to be still under Dutch authority. That belief is purely academic; but it is not exactly helpful to a man who appeals to the British people. He had better wait until we have started our national system of hotel-keeping, and are so absorbed in earning our bread by exhibiting our village churches as to care very little what becomes of South Africa. Until then I fear that the appeals of eloquent editors at Amsterdam will fall a little flat.

Another demi-god is tottering on his pedestal. I hear angry mutterings against Henrik Ibsen because he has said that the Boers are obstructing civilisation. This is a dreadful shock to some of his admirers in this country, who are so singularly constituted that they regard his views about the Boers as a condemnation of his life-work. Time was when they sat in the theatre at unremunerative matinees of Ibsen, applauding his plays as greater than Shakspeare's, and the players as the superlative dramatic artists of our time. I meet Ibsenites now who declaim against the gross materialism of the discarded master, and dismiss his doctrines as middle Victorian. "She's six-and-forty if she is an hour," says one lady in the play of another lady, "and I can wish nothing worse to happen to any woman." Can anything worse happen to a writer than to be dubbed middle Victorian by ardent pioneers whose heads are already in the middle of the twentieth century? True, it is not quite clear why Ibsen's opinions of the Boers should turn to gall and wormwood one's appreciation of "The Master Builder," "Rosmersholm," or "Little Eyolf." For those remarkable works I have always had a moderate esteem, which would be undiminished if their distinguished author were to denounce England in the accents of Mr. Stead. But I suppose the fundamental principle of literary criticism in the new century is to be the judgment of literature by the political opinions of its producers, although that is suspiciously like the philosophy of old Christopher North, who was not even middle Victorian, and flatly denied all merit to any writer who could be set down as a Cockney.

The prophets of the new century are lifting up their voices again. Mr. Hall Caine says it is to give new bonds of sympathy to Christendom. I meet every day a sandwichman who bears on his back an advertisement of a new poem. This advertisement is addressed to religious sects. "Read it, and it will reunite you!" I doubt its efficacy in that direction, but doubt not that the poet is as sincere as Mr. Hall Caine. One thing is certain: we shall all pursue our theories in the twentieth century with unabated zeal as long as breath and energy remain to us. As a verger (when I have found my Dean and Chapter), I shall be delighted to discuss ecclesiastical architecture with eloquent Dutch editors (at half-a-crown ahead); but I will not admit that the quality of our cathedrals has deteriorated in consequence of the Boer War.

OUR PHOTOGRAVURES.

In view of the approaching return of Lord Roberts from the Front, we have secured, for immediate issue, a small edition of photogravures, all artist's proofs, after the splendid painting of "Lord Roberts at the Front," by R. Caton Woodville. Although the subscription-price of these was four guineas, we have pleasure in announcing that by a special arrangement we are enabled to offer them at three guineas each. The plate measures 32 in. by 22 in., exclusive of margin. As the number is very limited, orders should be sent without delay to our Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

We also propose to issue a limited edition of photogravures (all remaque proofs) from Mr. Begg's painting of the members of the new Cabinet, price one guinea each, size about 32 in. by 24 in. Subscribers are requested to send in their applications at an early date. A key will be supplied with the picture.

Other interesting photogravures now being published are: "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," "The Surrender of Cronje" (no artist's proofs left), "The Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace," all measuring about 30 in. by 20 in., half-a-guinea each; artist's proofs, one guinea. We also issue a smaller one entitled "Fight the Good Fight," the C.I.V. at St. Paul's, price five shillings; artist's proofs, half-a-guinea. Also obtainable through all newsagents and booksellers.

OUR "EDITION-DE-LUXE."

We have pleasure in reminding our readers of the *Edition-de-Luxe* of our Record of the Transvaal War. Every copy will be bound in a morocco cover bearing a special design by Mr. Caton Woodville. As it has been suggested that it would be a great loss if the cover, which was so much admired, of the half-crown number were to be omitted, we have determined to bind this in with the rest of the book. Only a few hundred copies will be printed, and each will be numbered and signed by the Editor. To make this edition still more valuable, we have arranged with the well-known war-artists, Mr. R. Caton Woodville, Mr. S. Begg, and Mr. Melton Prior (our Special Artist in South Africa), to sign every copy issued. As the price is only one guinea, and as the number printed is so small, we advise intending purchasers to order their copies immediately, at their booksellers' or at the publishing office, 198, Strand.



LORD ROBERTS AT THE FRONT.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

- Captain Mayne Reid: *His Life and Adventures*. Mrs. Mayne Reid. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)
 Shadows of the War. Mrs. Bagot. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)
 The Real Charlotte. E. G. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)
 The Englishman in China. Alexander Mitchell. Two vols. (Blackwood. 9s.)
 The Wild-Animal Play. Ernest Seton Thompson. (Nutt. 2s.)
 A Commander of Arroyo. Claude Bracy. (Sands. 6s.)
 A Prisoner of Arroyo. Arthur Henry. (Murray. 6s.)
 Seventy Years at Westminster: with other Letters and Notes of the late Right Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P. Edited by his Daughter. (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.)
 Giorgione. Hubert Cook. Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture Series. (Bell. 6s.)
 Stage Coach and Tavern Days. Alice Morse Earle. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)
 Later Love-Letters of a Musician. Myrtle Reed. (Putnam. 6s. 6d.)
 In the South Seas. R. L. Stevenson. New Edition. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
 The Queen of Bally. Lloyd Osbourne. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 Bonaventures. E. V. Lucas. (Smith, Elder. 5s.)
 The Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm. (Freemantle. 6s.)
 The Nat-Brown Maid. A New Version by F. B. Money-Coutts. No. V. Flowers of Parnassus Series. (Lane. 1s.)
 A Ballade upon a Wedding. Sir John Suckling. No. VIII. Flowers of Parnassus Series. (Lane. 1s.)
 New Rhymes for Old. Anthony C. Deane. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)
 Sarah P. O. H. St. Martin Lanyon. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
 Una: A Song of England in the Year 1900. William Gerard. (Kegan Paul. 6s.)
 "The Skop": The Story of the Royal Military Academy. Captain F. G. Guggisberg, R.E. (Cassell. 12s. 6d.)
 Railway Runs in Three Continents. J. T. Burton Alexander. (Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d.)
 Alfred the Great and his Abbeys. J. Charles Wall. (Elliot Stock.)
 Virgin Saints and Martyrs. S. Baring Gould. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
 A Mule-Driver at the Front: Transport Experiences in Natal. R. C. Billington. (Chapman and Hall. 2s.)
 Britain's Sea Kings and Sea Fights. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
 The Forgotten Melody. By One who Remembers It. A Christmas Recital. (Elliot Stock. 5s.)

MESSRS. ERARD have opened additional show-rooms at 189, Regent Street, more especially for the effective display of decorated pianos, of which this firm has long made a speciality. Several eminent musicians and others attended, and inspected the instruments, by invitation of Mr. Daniel Myer.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1900.

ADDITIONAL EXPRESS TRAINS WILL BE RUN, AND SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS MADE IN CONNECTION WITH THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN PASSENGER TRAINS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, FULL PARTICULARS OF WHICH CAN BE OBTAINED AT THE COMPANY'S STATIONS OR TOWN OFFICES.

EXCURSIONS

FROM EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON (ADDISON ROAD), WILLESDEN JUNCTION, AND OTHER LONDON STATIONS.

On THURSDAY, DEC. 20.—To DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Bray, Cork, Galway, Killybegs, Londonderry, Carrick, Drogheda, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

On FRIDAY NIGHT, DEC. 21.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other Stations in Scotland. For 8, 10, and 16 days.

On SATURDAY NIGHT, DEC. 22.—To Ashton, Birmingham District, Cambrian Line Stations, Cardiff, Cardiff, Chester, Crewe, English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Lancaster, Leamington, Leicester, Liverpool, Macclesfield, Manchester, North Wales, Newcastle, Oldham, Preston, Rugby, Shrewsbury, Stafford, Stalybridge, Stockport, Stretton, Telford, Tannworth, Walsall, Warrington, Wigan, Wolverhampton, &c., returning Dec. 26, 27, or 28.

On MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 23.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other Stations in Scotland. For 8, 10, and 16 days.

On FRIDAY NIGHT, DEC. 28.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other Stations in Scotland. For 8, 10, and 16 days.

On MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 31.—To Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, and Warrington. For 1, 2, and 5 days.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS ISSUED ON Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21 and 22, to Camellan Line Stations, Church Stretton, English Lake District, Leamington, North and Central Wales, Stations in Scotland, Stratford-on-Avon, and other places, will be available for return on Sunday, Dec. 23 (Train Service permitting), or any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

Week-End Tickets issued to Scotch Stations on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28 and 29, will be available for return on Sunday, Dec. 30 (Train Service permitting), or any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

For Times, Fares, and Full Particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations and Parcels Receiving Offices.

London, December 1900. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

ON DEC. 22 AND 24.

At 10.35 p.m. from Waterloo to SALISBURY, and STATIONS TO PINHOE inclusive, returning on Dec. 20 or 27.

At 12.35 p.m. from Waterloo for EXETER, PLYMOUTH, NORTH DEVON and CERNWALL, &c., returning on Dec. 20.

On SATURDAY, DEC. 23, from Waterloo at 8.5 p.m. for SWINDON, CIRENCESTER, CHELTENHAM, &c., returning on Dec. 20 or 27, and to SAVERNAKE and MARRLEBOROUGH, returning Dec. 21.

GURSENEY and JERSEY on Dec. 24, from Waterloo, &c., for 15 days or less.

ON SUNDAY, DEC. 23.

At 9.30 a.m. from Waterloo to BOURNEMOUTH, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, PORTLAND, &c., returning on Dec. 20.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS WILL LEAVE WATERLOO STATION

as follows:

At 6.50 p.m. for BOURNEMOUTH on Dec. 19, 20, 21, 22, and 24, and at 8.30 p.m. on Dec. 23 and 25; at 9.50 p.m. for WEYMOUTH, on Dec. 22, 24, and 26, and at 8.30 p.m. on Dec. 23 and 25.

At 12.25 p.m. on Dec. 21, 22, and 24 for SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

ON DEC. 22 AND 24.

At 2.5, 4.5, and 6.50 p.m. EXPRESS TRAIN for BOURNEMOUTH.

At 3 p.m. for CAMELFORD, DELABOLE, VALEBERIDGE, BODMIN, and PAISLEY.

At 3.25 p.m. for PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE OF WIGHT.

At 4.40 p.m. for the SALISBURY, YEovil, EXETER, and WEST OF ENGLAND LINES.

At 4.40 and 4.50 p.m. to Stations on the SEATON, SUDMOUTH, and BUDLEIGH SALTERN BRANCHES.

At 8.5 p.m. for CHAN DELEYS FORD and ROMSEY.

At 10.35 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEovil, EXETER, and INTERMEDIATE STATIONS.

At 12.25 p.m. for EXETER, and Stations in NORTH and SOUTH DEVON and NORTH CORNWALL.

ON DEC. 24.

At 4.40 and 4.50 p.m. for BARNSTAPLE, ILFR' COMBE, BIDEFORD, and other NORTH DEVON STATIONS.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

At 6.50 a.m. for SALISBURY, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, NORTH DEVON, &c.

At 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR (for Hyde, Gosport, Romsey, Salisbury, Christchurch, Bournemouth, Central, LYMINGTON, YARMOUTH, &c.).

At 10.30 a.m. for SALISBURY, EXETER, &c.

At 12.30 p.m. for ILFRACOMBE.

For Further Particulars of Additional Trains, Facilities to the Isle of Wight, Return Special Lane Trains, South and North Devon, and other special services, see Bills and Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Offices, or from Mr. Sam Fay, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

URAS, J. OWENS, General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE CHEAP RETURN TICKETS between LONDON AND SABLEING JUNCTION, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLEIFFE, FOLKSTONE, DOVER, NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), LYDIA, RYE, QUEENBOROUGH and SILENTNESS, issued on Dec. 21, 22, and 23, will be available for the Return Journey up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 26.

CHEAP TICKETS TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLEIFFE, FOLKSTONE, DOVER, WHITEHORSE, NEW ROMNEY, STONE, STROOD, CHATHAM, NEW BROMPTON, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAVERSHAM, HEENE, RAY, WESTGATE, BIRCHINGTON, and BROADSTAIRS, will be issued from LONDON on Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24, available for the Return Journey up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 27.

CHRISTMAS AT PARIS, BRUSSELS, ARCHACON, CHARRITZ, or the RIVIERA. Special Cheap Tickets will be issued from certain London Stations to the above places. For Fares and Particulars see Bills.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22, A FAST LATE TRAIN TO CHICHESTER, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, and HASTINGS, leaving London at 10.35 p.m., and returning on Monday, Dec. 25, at 10.35 p.m. For Fares and Particulars see Bills.

HURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHPOLE, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKSTONE, and DOVER, leaving London at 10.35 p.m., and returning on Monday, Dec. 25, at 10.35 p.m. For Fares and Particulars see Bills.

CANNON STREET 12.5 p.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.12 p.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.50 p.m. On Saturday, Dec. 22, and 24, A FAST LATE TRAIN TO CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, FAVERSHAM, WHITEHORSE, HEENE, RAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12.12 p.m. and HOLBOURN 11.55 p.m.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

BOXING DAY.—CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) STATION. Frequent Special and Ordinary Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN, LUGGATE HILL, and ST. PAUL'S to the CRYSTAL PALACE and vice versa.

During the Holidays several Trains will be withdrawn or altered. Excursions to London from certain Country Stations. Late Trains will run from London.

For Further Particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme.

ALFRED WILKS, General Manager.

RIVIERA, ITALY. PYRENEES.

GAZE'S WINTER RESORTS PROGRAMME

(Sent Gratis)

Gives full particulars concerning fares and routes. Intersting in uniform travel twice weekly to and from the Riviera to well-known holders of Gaze's Tickets.

HENRY GAZE and SONS, 59, Queen Victoria Street, London. Branches throughout the World.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS, 1900.

ADDITIONAL ORDINARY TRAINS.

On FRIDAY and SATURDAY, DEC. 21 and 22, relief trains will be run from St. Pancras as circumstances may require.

DEC. 26 AND JAN. 1.

On these dates certain booked trains will be WITHDRAWN, as announced on special Bills at the Stations.

TO THE NORTH AND SCOTLAND

On FRIDAY, DEC. 21 and 22, for 6 or 8 days, and on MONDAY, DEC. 24, for 3 or 5 days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcaldy, Glasgow, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, &c., from St. Pancras at 10 p.m., and from Euston at 11.15 p.m. For Fares and Particulars see Bills.

On SATURDAY, DEC. 22, for 6 or 8 days, and on MONDAY, DEC. 24, for 3 or 5 days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcaldy, Glasgow, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, &c., from St. Pancras at 10 p.m., and from Euston at 11.15 p.m. For Fares and Particulars see Bills.

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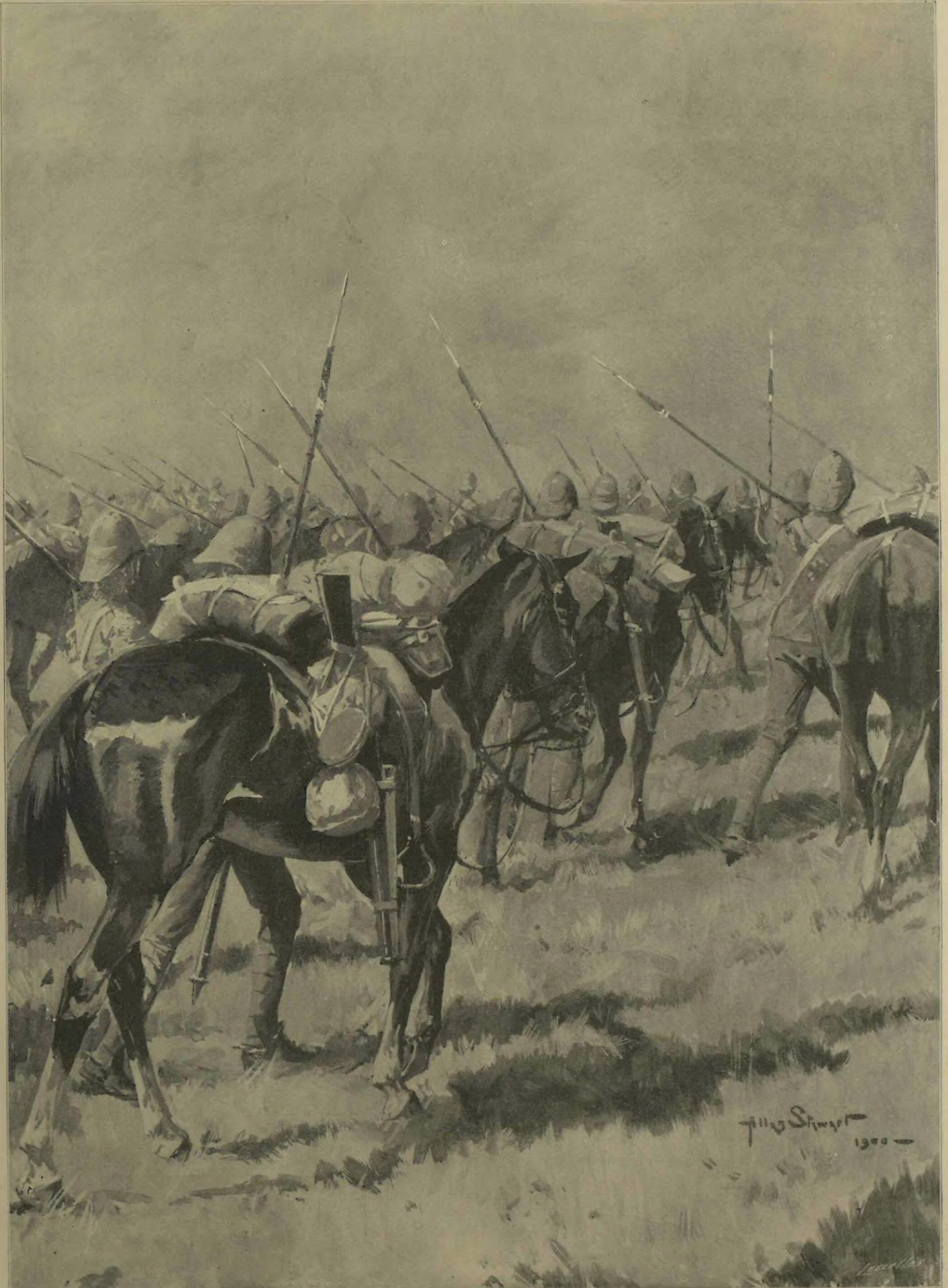
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THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW AT ISLINGTON.



I N P U R S U I T O F D E W E T.



THE 9TH LANCERS ON THE MARCH: TROOPERS WALKING TO SAVE THEIR HORSES.

From a Photograph by A. H. Forest.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

The Smithfield Club Show, which opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday, had a very creditable collection of stock, though in numbers the entries compared a little unfavourably with those of past years. The prize for the best beast in the show was secured by Mr. John Wortley, of Frettenham. The Queen and the Prince of Wales were also among the most successful of the exhibitors. The Prince visited the show on the opening day. On his tour of inspection his Royal Highness was accompanied by Sir Walter Gilbey, Sir Jacob Wilson, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Powell.

THE CZAR'S CONVALESCENCE.

The alarm created both within and without the enormous boundaries of Russia by the news of the Czar's illness has now been set at rest. The satisfaction with which the announcement of his convalescence is heard is all the greater inasmuch as the malady from which he suffered leaves no ill-effect behind. Only the most hardened of international cynics will deny to his Majesty the qualities of a great and also of a pacific ruler. The militant world may not be ripe for a Peace Conference, but the motives which led to its initiation are beyond suspicion. The territory over which he reigns covers about nine millions of square miles, of which only one quarter is in

so many quite reasonable ways that nobody need grudge it this new opening for its modern genius of reconstruction, planning-out, and general purifying. The evacuation of the houses, beside which the river rose, made, in itself, a little episode of civic triumph. When the water subsided the land went with it, and a quarter of a mile, with civic lamp-posts and municipal trees, wholly disappeared, together with a stretch of stone wall, effectual for the last fifteen years against the normal inundations. Michael Angelo has experience of floods in Rome beside which this last flood becomes a mere trickle; but a very little less precaution than that taken of late years would have allowed Father Tiber on this occasion to convert the capital of Italy into a yellow-brown version of Venice. As it was, a number of streets became waterways, as our Illustrations show, to the great alarm of the inhabitants and the delaying of the King's post. At some points the waters rose above the level of the windows; and the bridge of San Angelo showed no arches, for the tide attained to their keystones. The Pantheon is flooded some ten feet deep. The Kings' tombs have needed no guard of honour during these days. It has become a church of the elements indeed, with water for its pavement, its great dome open to the air and sky, though, perhaps, the fires of its altars have been dimmed in their burning.

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S ENGAGEMENT.

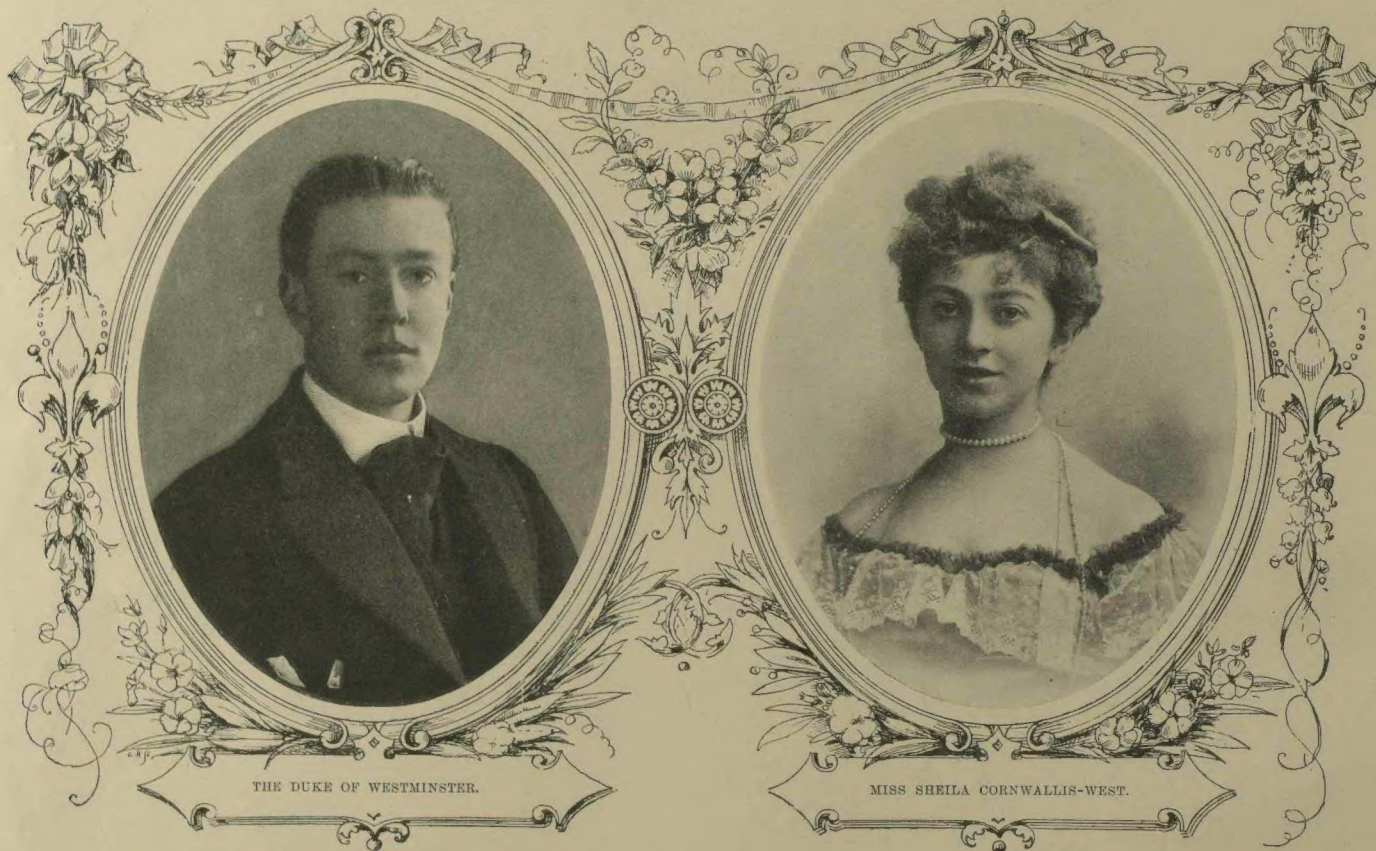
The authorised announcement of the forthcoming marriage of the Duke of Westminster with Miss Sheila Cornwallis-West cannot throw no doubt on the sincerity of the denial of

EVENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The principal event of the week in South Africa has been the hemming in of General De Wet between the Caledon and Orange Rivers on the Basutoland border. The rivers are now in full flood, and even if De Wet should manage to recross the Caledon, a task of manifest difficulty, it will only be to find the passes and roads to the north in the possession of our troops. It will not do, however, to count too confidently upon his capture to-day or to-morrow, for although his force is greatly worn down, he may yet find means of escape.

Lord Roberts, on his homeward journey, has had magnificent receptions at Durban, Port Elizabeth (where he arrived in time for an early breakfast with the Mayor, and managed during his stay of a few hours to drive round the town and visit the hospitals), and Cape Town, where he was entertained at luncheon in the Good Hope Hall on Dec. 10. Sir Alfred Milner, the Bishop of Cape Town, and the leading military and civil residents were present. Lord Roberts, in reply to the toast of his health, which was proposed by the Mayor, regretted that he was unable to remain until the formal declaration of peace. He felt confident, however, that under Lord Kitchener, the present guerilla warfare would shortly be brought to a close. For the postponement of the return of the refugees Lord Roberts himself took full responsibility, and concluded his speech with a high tribute to the services of Sir Alfred Milner.

Besides our Illustrations of the pursuit of De Wet, we publish a vivid picture by Mr. Caton Woodville of the memorable moonlight charge of the 19th Hussars on



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S ENGAGEMENT.

Europe. He has one hundred and thirty millions of subjects, of whom ninety-five millions belong to Russia in Europe. St. Petersburg is not so great a centre of population as the capitals of many smaller Empires possess. Its population is a million and a quarter. The Czar is less well known outside his own dominions than he might be if it happened to be a little smaller, and if Russia were not geographically somewhat of an outsider. When he did go to Paris, however, four years ago, the visit was made memorable as marking that understanding between Russia and France which has often been referred to as an alliance. His visit to England at the same time has left many memories behind it. A nephew on his mother's side of the Princess of Wales, he established a kinship between the Queen's own family and himself by his marriage with Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt. His Majesty wears, among the proudest of his decorations, the blue sash of the English Garter.

THE FLOODS IN ROME.

The recent flooding of the Tiber has done an unusual amount of damage to its banks within the capital. Rome gains little, if any, of its picturesqueness from its river or its river banks, whatever it may do from its bridges. The Thames at Waterloo Bridge is a clear stream compared with the Tiber at the Castle of San Angelo, which lacks, on the one hand, the artificial glories of a great embankment like ours, and has, on the other hand, no natural beauties. The subsidence of the right bank, between the Garibaldi and Cestio Bridges, may give some opportunity for an "improvement" scheme, where, from a scenic point of view, nothing is to be lost, and from a practical and sanitary point of view everything is to be gained. "Rome of the ages" has proved itself to be Rome of this age in

an engagement made last June. Though the Duke and the future Duchess have been friends and neighbours for some time past, an engagement cannot be said to be a tardy one which is postponed until the elder of the parties to it reaches the age of twenty-one years and nine months. The young Duke was born in the March of 1879, being the only son of the late Earl Grosvenor and of Sibell Mary, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough—a lady who married secondly Mr. George Wyndham, but who is still known as the Countess Grosvenor. Lord Belgrave—as his courtesy title was until he succeeded his grandfather in the Dukedom a year ago—was educated at Eton, and, entering the Army, went to South Africa, and served on the personal staff of Sir Alfred Milner. He paid a brief visit to England at the time of his succession to the immense London and other estates of the head of the Grosvenors, but returned again to the seat of war, remaining there until a few weeks ago.

Miss Sheila Cornwallis-West is the daughter of Mr. William Cornwallis-West, of Ruthin Castle, North Wales, and the great-granddaughter, on her father's side, of the second Lord De la Warr. On the side of her mother, a daughter of Mr. and Lady Olive Fitz-Patrick, she is a great-granddaughter of the Marquis of Headfort. Mr. Cornwallis-West, who has been Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire since 1872, has a property also in Hampshire, upon which he had developed a new watering-place—Milford-on-Sea. He sat as a Liberal for the Western Division of Denbighshire from 1885 to 1892, when he joined the Unionist Party. Miss Cornwallis-West's elder sister married, nine years ago, Prince Henry of Pless, and her only brother became quite recently the husband of Lady Randolph Churchill. Our portrait of the Duke is by Russell, that of his betrothed by Lafayette.

the night of Nov. 7. The affair took place not far from Lydenburg, where operations were being conducted under the command of Brigadier-General F. Kitchener. A party of the 19th Hussars, with a detachment of the Manchester Mounted Infantry, under Captain Chetwode, contrived to get past the Boer outposts. While the Manchesters held the pickets in play, the Hussars charged the main body of the enemy, sabring many of them. A special tribute for gallant conduct has been paid to Captain Chetwode, Lieutenant Parsons, Corporal Smith, and Private Aldridge. The Hussars, however, despite their gallantry, owed much to the fine support they received from the mounted infantry under Captains Bridgford and Crichton. In the morning a reinforcement of artillery and infantry completed the rout of the enemy, whose loss is said to have been considerable.

DE WET'S PURSUER.

If fortune ordain that Major-General Charles Edmond Knox should capture De Wet, everyone will agree that the distinction is well earned, for although the resourceful Boer leader has led General Knox's forces a dance, it must be remembered that the pursuers had to fight terrible odds. In knowledge of the country alone the enemy had a tremendous advantage, but the stern British tenacity with which General Knox has maintained the chase must, in the end, wear down even a De Wet. General Knox, who was born in 1846, has already seen South African service in the Bechuanaland Campaign of 1884-85, in which he was honourably mentioned, and received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the present war he has been in command of the 13th Brigade, and has justified the

confidence which Lord Roberts reposed in him when he commissioned him with the task of the capture of the "slimmest" of a nation of "slim" generals.

OUR CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS.

One of the drawings made by the late Mr. Lionel Barff, accompanying the troops on the march to Pao-ting-Fu, shows the 12th Battery Royal Field Artillery halting where food and drink are available for man and beast. The second day's march found the party in camp at Lu-Li-Ho, about thirty miles from Peking, and thence Mr. Barff forwarded the drawing—one of the last made before his death—of the German troops crossing the bridge at Lu-Li-Ho.

STEAMER FOR THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

The launching of the *William McKinnon* gives the Lake Victoria Nyanza the largest steamer which those waters have ever floated. The building of a big steamer is always a great event, even in an English yard, long accustomed to this display of all but creative handcraft. At Port Florence, Ugove Bay, therefore, the interest centred in the building of the *William McKinnon* was immense. The material necessary for its construction was brought by native porters from the coast, a distance of seven hundred miles. No such great affair will ever be made of shipbuilding on that spot again; for the Uganda Railway will soon be able to fetch and carry, and Port Florence is its terminus.

ROCK-CUT REGIMENTAL CRESTS.

An interesting custom prevails among the regiments stationed at Cherat, about twenty-eight miles south-east of Peshawar. During its stay in the station, each regiment cuts its crest on the rock, and with the lapse of years, and the passing of many different bodies of troops, the collection has grown considerable. Cherat is in the Punjab, and is a township consisting of quarters for the troops, a dozen or so civilian residences, and a bazaar. It is built on several steep hills, of which the usual slope is an angle of fifty degrees. In this stubborn country our troops have hewn their monuments more enduring than brass.

THE LIGHTERMEN'S STRIKE.

The port of London has been a good deal in evidence during the last few days. The London dock system has been accused by great authorities of lagging behind that of Liverpool; and the Thames has been put to shame in comparisons with the Clyde. The commission now

FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

The London and South-Western Railway announce that on Saturday and Monday, Dec. 22 and 24, cheap excursion tickets will be issued to Salisbury and intermediate stations to Pinhoe inclusive at 10.35 p.m. from Waterloo; also to stations west of Exeter at 12.55 midnight from Waterloo, available to return on Dec. 26 and 27; to Swindon, Cirencester, Cheltenham, etc., on Dec. 22 by the 8.5 p.m. train from Waterloo, returning on Dec. 26 or 27, and to Marlborough, returning on Dec. 27. Tickets will likewise be issued to Guernsey and Jersey at a fare

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other stations in Scotland, for six, eight, and sixteen days.

The Great Western Railway Company issue tickets at their principal City and West-End offices, and this arrangement cannot fail to be a boon to those travellers who desire to avoid the trouble of obtaining tickets at a crowded railway station, particularly at holiday-times, and the booking-office at Paddington Station will be open all day for the issue of tickets on Dec. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 24. Ordinary tickets obtained in London between Dec. 18 and 24 will be

available for use on any day between and including those days. On the days immediately preceding Christmas Day several of the trains from Paddington will be divided, and the first portion of some of them will start five minutes before the advertised time.

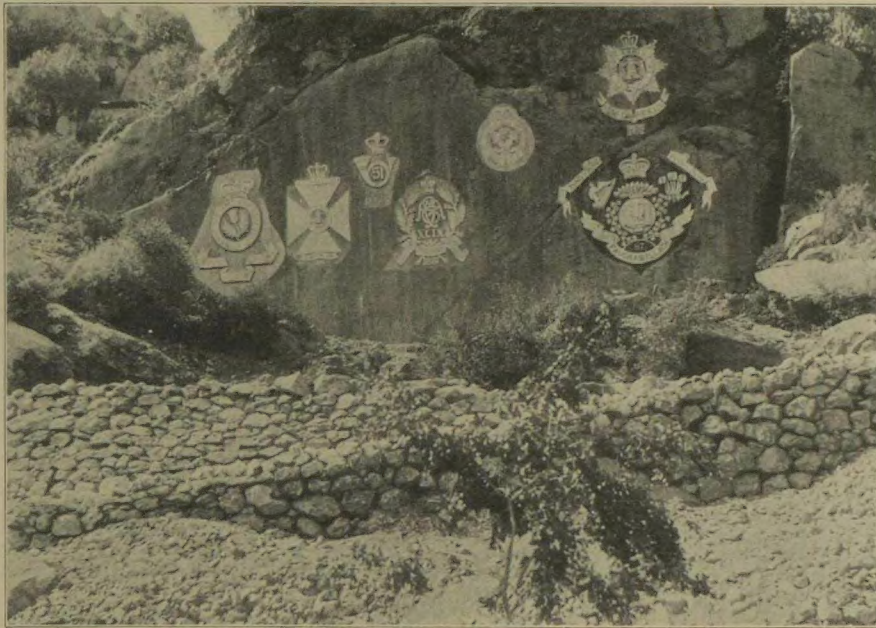
The Great Northern Railway Company announce that cheap excursions will be run on Friday night, Dec. 21 (for six and eight days); Monday night, Dec. 24 (for three or five days); and Friday night, Dec. 28 (for six and eight days), from London (Woolwich, Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S.E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc., for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Perth, Dundee, Dalmally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland.

For visiting Holland and Germany the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving

London in the evening and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning; Cologne about noon, and Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels via Harwich and Antwerp. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg Dec. 19 and 22, returning Dec. 26 and 29.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce the issue of cheap tickets to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Ramsgate, Margate, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Dover, Whitstable, New Romney, Maidstone, Strood, Chatham, New Brompton, Sheerness, Sittingbourne, Faversham, Herne Bay, Westgate, Birchington and Broadstairs, on Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24, available up to Dec. 26.

The Midland Railway Company have arranged to run many cheap excursion trains during the holidays. To prevent crowding and inconvenience they have decided



REGIMENTAL CRESTS CUT IN THE ROCK AT CHERAT.

Photograph supplied by Mrs. Sutton.

of 22s. from Waterloo, etc., on Dec. 22, returning any day (Sundays excepted) up to and including Jan. 5. Special arrangements have also been made for the conveyance of parcels, for list of company's offices and agencies see handbills. Passengers' personal luggage will be collected, forwarded, and delivered in advance. For particulars see bills.

To those who contemplate visiting Paris at Christmas, the Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Royal Mail route, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday morning, Dec. 22, and also by the express night service on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings, Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24.

The London and North-Western Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria



LAUNCH OF THE "WILLIAM McKINNON," THE LARGEST STEAMER AFLOAT ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

Photograph supplied by Mr. H. T. Coeham.



THE "WILLIAM McKINNON" AFLOAT.

sitting on this subject will no doubt do right by the Metropolitan waterway and waterside. Meanwhile, the lightermen's strike is a source of temporary trouble. With Major Evans Gordon, M.P., as a conciliatory go-between, and with an exchange of published letters from both masters and men, one may hope that the adjustment of the wages tariff to mutual satisfaction may not be far off. The fact that the lightermen left their work without notice, while under an agreement that all matters in dispute should be submitted to arbitration, is, on the face of it, a somewhat discouraging fact; but the men, on their side, publicly express their willingness to "submit the whole to arbitration."

(Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, Dec. 17, to Monday, Dec. 24 inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Special arrangements will be made for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels at the reduced rates now in operation, which in no case exceed Parcels Post rates. The company also announce cheap excursions for the Christmas and New Year's holidays as follows: On Thursday, Dec. 20, to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, Bray, Cork, Galway, Killarney, Londonderry, and other places in Ireland, to return within sixteen days. On Friday night, Dec. 21, to Carlisle,

that the booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street stations shall be opened for the issue of tickets all day on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, Dec. 21, 22, and 24, and tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway can be obtained beforehand at the Midland Company's city and suburban offices. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21 and 22, relief trains will be run from St. Pancras as circumstances may require. On Dec. 26 and Jan. 1 certain booked trains will be withdrawn, as announced on special bills at the stations. On Fridays, Dec. 21 and 28 (for six or eight days), and on Monday, Dec. 24 (for three or five days) to Newcastle, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, Glasgow, etc.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Kruger's visit to Europe has not served any purpose of his own, but it has let loose a flood of diplomatic gossip about the relations between the Transvaal Republic and various Governments before the war. Count Muraviev is credited with having urged M. Delcassé to join in a coalition to threaten England. M. Delcassé declined, but he in his turn is accused of having led Mr. Kruger on with vague promises of "moral and material" help.

Count von Bülow, with Bismarckian bluntness, has told the Reichstag why the German Government will have nothing to do with Mr. Kruger. Before the war both Germany and Holland advised Mr. Kruger to appeal to arbitration. He refused, and the time for arbitration, added the Imperial Chancellor, is now gone by. It is characteristic of Mr. Kruger that he now talks of arbitration as if it had always been the passion of his soul.

There seem to be apprehensions in Holland that England will declare war on that little State because Queen Wilhelmina has provided Mr. Kruger with an asylum. Nervous Dutchmen are reflecting that they have no navy to speak of, and that in a war they would lose all their colonies. They are not in the smallest danger. The only sign of British displeasure is that the authorities of the Straits Settlements have withdrawn their veto on the exportation of arms and ammunition to Achéne. When the Dutch Government was engaged in suppressing the Achéne insurgents, the British showed their neighbourly sympathy by that veto, which was regularly renewed for years. If they are not quite so sympathetic now, who can blame them?

The British members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration for the Settlement of International Disputes, established in accordance with a resolution passed at the Hague Convention, are Lord Pauncefoot, Sir Edward Malet, Sir Edward Fry, and Professor Westlake. The first name on the list has long been associated with diplomacy. Born in 1828, the son of the late Mr. Robert Pauncefoot, of Preston Court, Gloucestershire, he was educated at Marlborough College and in Paris and Geneva; was called to the Bar in 1852, and became successively Attorney-General of Hong-Kong and Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands. A period of service as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies and for Foreign Affairs led in due course to his appointment as First British Delegate to the Paris Conference relative to the navigation of the Suez Canal. In 1889 Lord Pauncefoot was Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy

silk twenty years later. He had a short practical experience as legislator when he was returned, in 1855, for the Romford Division of Essex.

The Rev. Dr. Alfred William Momerie died where he was born—in London. The son of a Congregationalist minister, he went from the City of London School to Edinburgh University, where he distinguished himself in metaphysics and philosophy. After taking his D.Sc. degree in Scotland, he proceeded to Cambridge, where he took a First Class in Philosophy, and came out Senior in the Moral Science Tripos. Taking orders in the Church of England, he began work at Leigh, in Lancashire, but at the beginning of the 'eighties he was to be found in London as lecturer at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, and afterwards as Morning Preacher at the Foundling. The mere list of his books is a testimonial to the industry of a career which closed when Dr. Momerie was only fifty-two.

The death, from enteric fever, of the Rev. Gerard Chilton Bailey is reported from Dundee. The son of the Rev. A. W. Bailey, Vicar of East Stoke, Newark, he was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and had his first curacy in Leeds. In 1889 he went to



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. ALFRED W. MOMERIE,
Theologian and Philosopher.



Photo. Robertson, Natal.
THE LATE REV. G. C. BAILEY,
Vicar of Dundee, who buried General Symons.

South Africa, where he held a curacy at Durban under his friend Canon Johnson. At Newcastle and Estcourt he did duty, and then became Vicar of Dundee. He married, in 1898, the eldest daughter of the Rev. J. D. Moore, of Honington, near Grantham. When the war broke out, his wife and child left the vicarage, which

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Brodrick has asked for a Supplementary Estimate of sixteen millions for the war and for the expenses in China. He admitted that the official view as to the duration of the struggle in South Africa had been too sanguine; but he believed that the present estimate, which extends to the end of March, would prove to be final. Sir William Harcourt deplored the costliness of the policy in which the country had been involved, while admitting that it was the duty of the Opposition to support the Government in every effort to bring the war to a conclusion. Mr. Healy could not see what Ireland was to gain, and Mr. Keir Hardie informed the House that he distrusted Lord Kitchener. But the liveliest discussion was provoked by the Address. Three attacks were made upon Mr. Chamberlain—first, in regard to the publication of the letters found at Bloemfontein, then upon the general aspects of his South African policy, and lastly upon his alleged interest in firms receiving contracts from the Government.

The South African amendment to the Address was conceived in so mild a spirit that the Colonial Secretary said he had no quarrel with it. He proceeded to develop the views of the Government in a speech which was universally commended for its conciliatory tone. The Boers were praised for their gallantry in the field, and the Government undertook to employ as many Afrikaners as possible in civil administration when the war was over. Mr. Chamberlain declared that the farm-burning had been exaggerated, that the Boers had themselves burnt farms, that the women and children were deported chiefly for their own protection against lawless Kaffirs.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain admitted that, as a trustee, he was interested in the firm of Hoskin and Co., which supplied stores to the Admiralty when he was a member of the Admiralty Board; but his department had nothing whatever to do with the assignment of contracts, and he knew nothing about them from first to last. Mr. Haldane and Mr. McKenna urged that no personal charge had been made against Mr. Chamberlain or his son, but that the connection of Ministers with firms that competed for Government contracts was bound to cause a bias in the minds of officials responsible for the distribution of such contracts. The Opposition amendment was rejected by a majority of 142. An amendment moved by Mr. Bartley from the Ministerial benches condemning the choice of so many members of Lord Salisbury's family for Government appointments was rejected by



Photo. Russell.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR E. MALET.

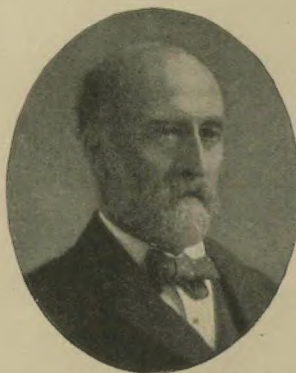


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
PROFESSOR WESTLAKE.

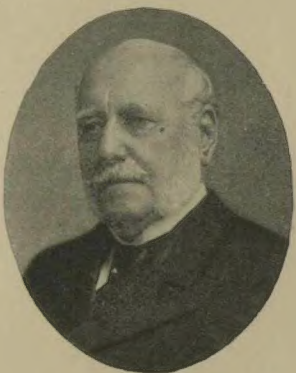


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LORD PAUNCEFOOT.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR E. FRY.

BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF ARBITRATION.

Extraordinary to the United States. In 1893 he became our Ambassador in the United States, and he had the advantage of being First British Delegate at the Hague Conference itself.

Sir Edward Baldwin Malet was born in the first year of the reign of the Queen, whose representative he has been in so many parts of Europe. After leaving Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, he became attaché at Frankfurt, and afterwards served successively in the Argentine Confederation, at Washington, Constantinople, Paris, Peking, Athens, Rome, Cairo, Brussels, and Berlin. He was in charge of the Embassy at Paris during the Commune; and was Minister Plenipotentiary at Constantinople at the end of the Russo-Turkish War, and also at Cairo during the British campaign of 1882. He was our representative at the African Conference of Berlin which produced the Treaty of 1885; and from 1884 till 1895 he was Ambassador in Berlin.

The Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry, whose connection with the Society of Friends makes his appointment as an arbitrator particularly appropriate, was born in Bristol in 1827. He was educated in the College of his native city, and then at University College, London. In 1854 he was called to the Bar, and became in due time Q.C., and Benchers and Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, Judge of the High Court of the Chancery Division, and Lord Justice of Appeal, a post from which he retired two years ago.

Professor Westlake, Q.C., LL.D., has held the Chair of International Law in the University of Cambridge for the last twelve years. He was born at Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, in 1828, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was sixth Wrangler and Fellow. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1854, and took

however, the Boers held in absolute respect. Mr. Bailey ministered to the wounded at Talana Hill, and officiated at the funeral of General Penn Symons.

Lord Methuen wrote a letter to the widow of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil some time ago—a generous letter that made a very favourable impression. He also sent the lady a ring belonging to her husband. The bearer of the ring was an officer in the Imperial Yeomanry. Madame de Villebois-Mareuil refused to receive him, and he had to leave the ring with her concierge. It would be interesting to know what view the French exponents of manners take of this incident.

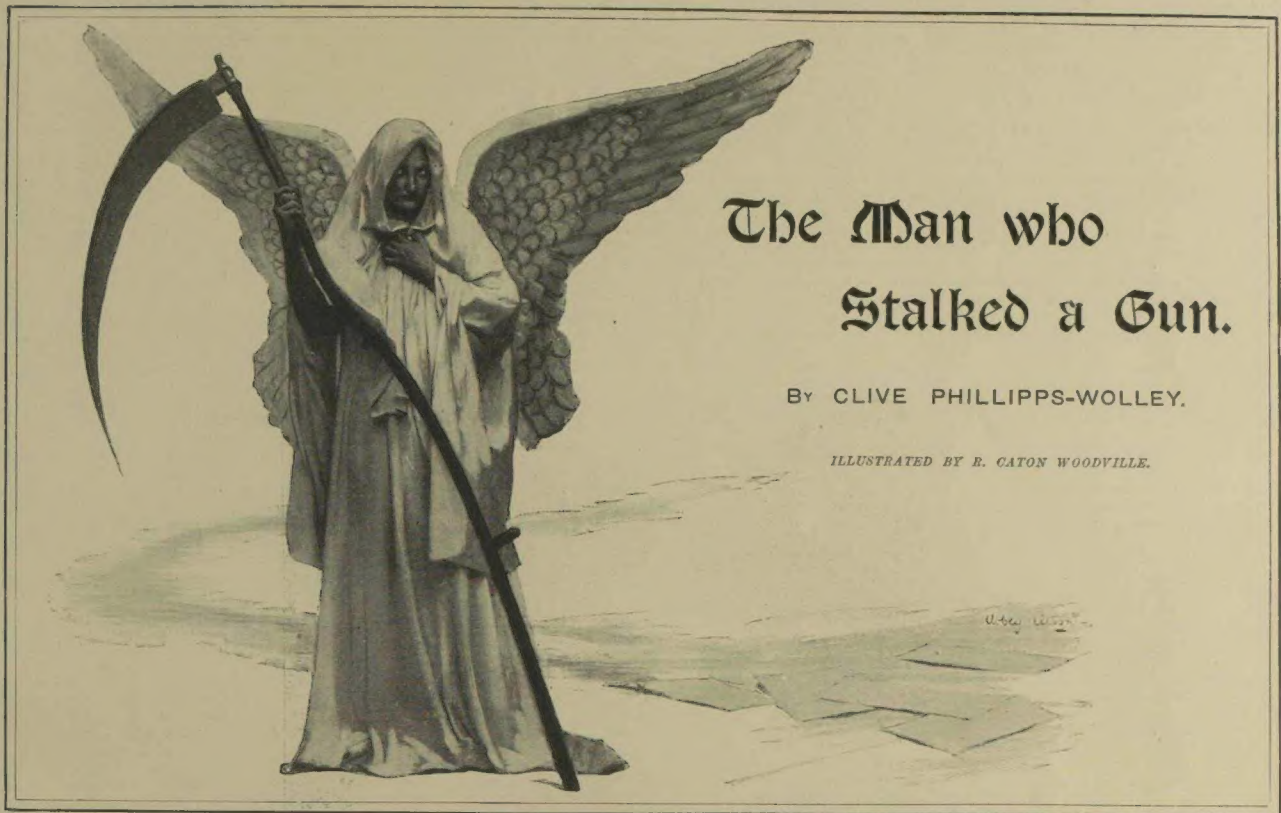
One of the most redoubtable Hooligans has died a soldier's death in South Africa. This was the youth known to his friends and a large section of the reading public as "Young Alf." He was discovered by Mr. Clarence Rook, and made the subject of a series of admirable studies entitled "Hooligan Nights." There seemed no kind of social redemption open to "Young Alf." who was an expert housebreaker at an early age. But having recklessly broken the laws of his country, he has now given his life in her service. Surely an excellent example for the treatment of the Hooligan problem.

Somebody has stolen a number of the Nelson relics at Greenwich Hospital. The most surprising part of the business is that the relics should be so ill-protected as to make such a theft possible. It is gravely suggested that the thief is a Frenchman, because three Frenchmen were among the visitors on the day the articles disappeared; and on this truly singular evidence is based the theory that the crime is political! What political object could any Frenchman have in stealing Nelson relics?

a majority of 102 after a debate in which Mr. Balfour said that Mr. Bartley and Mr. Bowles were disappointed office-seekers.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MESSENGER BOY'S" SECOND EDITION AT THE GAIETY. Thanks to its really clever plot, its gay, tripping melodies, its brisk concerted pieces, "The Messenger Boy" was always accounted about the best and brightest of the whole series of the Gaiety Theatre's "musical comedies," but originally towards the close of the play both its fun and its story became just a trifle attenuated. It was a happy idea, therefore, which prompted Mr. George Edwardes to have the last act strengthened and remodelled, to eliminate practically the sentimental element, and to transfer his merry company bodily to the naughty delights and picturesque accessories of the Paris Exhibition. For, by this bold course, he has contrived to pack all the sprightliest numbers of the former whole act into one half the space they once occupied, and has so been able to find ample room for a fresh and delightful mélange of song, dance, and spectacle. The new ballet, as it might almost be called, of national dances and wild pirouettes, the new array of costumes, all in perfect taste, and some of unusual magnificence, the additional ditties, especially those of topical interest, which allude with pardonable Imperialistic bias to a certain President's Paris visit and to the return of London's C.I.V., and the latest duet dance—piquantly Dutch this time—of those popular favourites, Mr. Edmund Payne and Miss Katie Seymour, form in combination a closing scene of feverish merriment, rollicking music, and dazzling colour not to be matched just now in any other West-End light entertainment.



The Man who Stalked a Gun.

BY CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

III. (continued).

THE sergeant stiffened at once, and then, as his eyes fell upon Jim's chain, relaxed again.

"Yes," he said, "and so do I, if I wasn't in charge of him; but he won't if I can help it, and this can stop him," and he patted the Winchester he carried.

"And yet you know he is innocent."

"I don't know nothin', but I think a deuce of a lot. Duty's duty, Mr. Cuthbert. Good morning."

"Duty to the Governor of your country, Mac? Wouldn't you lose your job and your reputation to save two hundred Gordon Highlanders?"

"Jim's a good man, but he could hardly do that."

"He might help," retorted Cuthbert, and then left the sergeant with more to think of than he generally had, for this man loved his country with an altogether unreasoning love, and had an extravagant idea of her need of men who could scout at that juncture.

Cuthbert went down into the town, and found the General inspecting the local Militia in the drill-shed, and was just in time to hear the Militia dismissed, and those who wished to volunteer for South Africa ordered to fall in.

A very considerable number did so, but the majority were men who had families to look after, and had therefore no right to please themselves. In consequence, there was still room for a few volunteers, and Cuthbert took his place beside the men in uniform with a dozen young fellows, who came from ranches and survey gangs and other colonial pursuits.

There was a murmur of applause for each as he took his place, but it was loud and outspoken when Cuthbert took his.

"God help the Boer as Stonehenge gets his claws on!" said one.

"He'll drop the ball quick enough when Cuthbert collars him," replied another, thinking of the leather sphere and not of the balls with which the South African game is being played.

But the General walked up to the little body of men and brought them back to the sober earnestness of their undertaking.

"Mind, men," he said, "this is no child's play you are volunteering for, but bitter hard work. If you realise that, and your minds are made up, go, and God speed you. To fight for England is an honour reserved for the best"; and then he left them, bitter at heart himself, probably, that, just because he was one of the best, England had chosen him for a billet where he had no chance of being in the thick of it.

It is some consolation to know that even the best have sometimes to play the more humdrum rôle in life; consolation for the duffers and cripples at least.

But it is one thing to volunteer, and another to be accepted. If all the men who volunteered in Canada had been accepted, there would have been a small army of them, and the Boers would have had a fine time stopping

cripples some of whom might have taken a good deal of stopping.

The same evening the Volunteers paraded before the doctor, Cuthbert among them, and it seemed rather a farce to a good many that time should be wasted in "vetting" football forwards and the like.

But it soon appeared that there was something more than red tape in this business.

A stout fellow with defective molars was ignominiously rejected. As he had no intention of fighting with his teeth, until the last extremity, he cursed a good deal at his luck. He cursed even more when a plucky weed from a store, with a complete set of excellent false teeth, sneaked through undetected.

A strapping great miner was refused on the score that he was married and had children to support; but an Irishman in the same case pleaded that he was only half-married to a native woman, and would rather die among the Boers than live with his missus.

"Had he any children?" he was asked. "None as he could swear to; but the missus had some, and they were living with the tribe."

For a moment his fate was in the balance, but the physique of the man was so grand that he was allowed to go under protest.

He didn't wait long enough for the authorities to change their minds, but vanished instanter.

Then Cuthbert's turn came, and a smile spread over the doctor's face. He was a connoisseur of men, and a likelier-looking lad he had never seen.

"Well, Stonehenge, what shall I spin you for? Bad teeth? Been biting bits out of china plates lately? No! Could do if you wanted to, I suppose! Heart all right? I thought so, and in the right place too! Lord! my lad, what a biceps! Now your legs. What!" he muttered, as his man stripped, and then, stooping, he began to run his nimble fingers up Cuthbert's calf and thigh.

Then he straightened himself out, and looked hard into Cuthbert's face.

"Do you want to go very much, my lad?"

"Of course I do, Sir. It's the chance of my life."

The doctor's hard face twisted as if in pain, and he bit an oath in two, and then slowly lit a cigar.

"Put your clothes on again," he said. "Look here, Stonehenge," and he showed a stocking of webbed silk which he was wearing. "You are not the only one. That is why I am a non-combatant, and that confounded leg is not as bad *now* as yours by a great deal. You can't go, my lad."

"Can't go, Sir?"

"No; can't go. Can't think of going. Those varicose veins of yours would spin a regiment."

"But they don't stop my walking."

"No nor your fighting. I know that. But they might, and if you broke down you would be an incumbrance where you want to be a help. England's sacrifices must be without spot or blemish. Call in the next, sergeant."

And so Cuthbert Stonehenge went out, as he had come in, a civilian, and gave no answer to the one or two who still lingered about the door, but slunk back to his lodgings with all the heart knocked out of him.

He was no good as a rancher, he was no good as a lawyer, and when his country wanted men he was to be left behind as an incumbrance.

"Good God! was there nothing he was fit for? And if not, why had he been created?"

IV.

For an hour Cuthbert Stonehenge sat in absolute silence over his empty grate in the little room which failure had made loathsome to him.

Then he reached out a hand and took up a volume of the statutes of his province.

At first he turned over the leaves of it idly; then he tried to read and understand something about contested titles; but the words had no meaning for him, and even while he stared at them, trying to make his eyes convey their message to his brain, all the great black letters on the page formed into column of companies and charged down upon him at the double. There was nothing the matter with their legs. "Curse them!" he muttered, and then quite quietly he got up, and collecting all the law books which he could lay his hands on, he built them into an artistic pile upon his hearth, leaving spaces for the draught to get at them. Then he whittled some long shavings off a bit of dry cedar, lit these, and fanned the whole structure into a blaze.

The covers of the books sizzled and burned slowly, but the printed law between them went out in smoke almost as quickly as it used to go out of Cuthbert's head.

Having seen the last of his library, he stamped out the ashes, and putting on his cap, went out. There was no light in his room, and in the darkness he struck his bad leg heavily against a stool. The blow hurt horribly, but no exclamation left his lips. Instead, they curled themselves into a bitter grin. He would have liked to dash the rotten limb against the stool again, and half paused to do so, but the folly of it stopped him, and he strode out into the drenching rain, which soaked him to the spine before he had gone two hundred yards.

He wanted to settle that question with his Maker, "Why had he been created?" and he turned instinctively to where the sea lay heaving under ragged brown clouds against the rocky coast.

On his way thither he passed the drill-shed, which was ablaze with lights and chokeful of people.

There had never been such a crowd there since the shed was built.

Cuthbert looked in.

On the stage, draped with the Union Jack, a girl he knew was singing, dressed in a scarlet tunic, with a forage-cap set jauntily on her fair curls, and a third of the population of the town, as it seemed to him, was straining towards her as she sang, "The soldiers of the

Queen, my lads, Who've been, my lads, who're seen, my lads!"

The blood went up into his head. For a moment he forgot himself, and there was a tightening at his throat as the whole of the great crowd caught up the girl's song and roared back the chorus with something very like passion in its voice.

He did not remember that, standing where he stood, his white face and burning eyes rose clear above the crowd of smaller men.

His was a head which few women would overlook, and the girl, who was an old playmate, was not of these. She saw him at once, and knowing something but not all of his story, her heart went out to him, and as she sang the words, "And when they ask us how it's done, We'll proudly point to every one Of the soldiers of the Queen," she turned her pretty face, glowing with enthusiasm, and stretched out her arms towards Cuthbert Stonehenge, so that the whole crowd turned with her, and seeing, as they thought, in him the type and pride of the sons they were sending to the Mother Country's aid, sang their full-throated chorus to him.

It was more than flesh and blood could stand. The hall swam before Cuthbert's eyes. He heard as if in a dream some kindly words which hurt worse than stabs as he elbowed his way out of the hall; he felt a kindly grip on his arm, but he shook it off, and as he went through the door he heard some fellow say—

"Little Minnie has done her share for the Empire to-night. I'll bet her songs have made five hundred dollars for the Widows and Orphans' Fund."

So even Minnie Foster, the curly-headed girl, was doing her share. She was worth five hundred dollars to the Empire, and he—he the man from whom his fellow citizens expected so much as a fighter—he was an incubance, only an incubance.

He walked on through the wild night until he was tired, and then sat down upon a huge cedar-log which had been washed ashore.

That had sucked in sunlight and dew for centuries; men had spent skill and time and money to fell and trim it, and now here it was, washed ashore to rot idly, unused.

Why?

Then, as the rain soaked and chilled him, his thoughts went away to South Africa, and he pictured to himself the life that those others were leading; pictured gallant Baden-Powell firing salutes for his Prince's birthday, after he had spent a merry morning with the Boers; pictured that good soldier White, whose words covered himself with blame, while his grim silent fighting covered him with glory; and pictured, too, the death of that gallant son of a great father who had died trying to save the guns. Death! What was it? A better thing than life, it seemed to him. Such a death meant life eternal in the hearts of the only people who mattered. To live an incubance, rotting at the root, that was hell. The beauty and pride of life was self-sacrifice, and he had been created so poor that he was not fit for sacrifice.

And yet that could not have been the way that White looked at it. He had failed once, or said he had, and then sat down to work quietly for England. If he could not fight laughing, with the band playing, like Baden-Powell, or die in the sight of two wondering armies, like Roberts, could not he somehow do quiet man's work for the Empire, like White?

And then the clouds cleared a little, and through them he saw, nearly a hundred miles away, the still white cone of Mount Baker, and for some unexplained reason, the sight of it calmed him, and he found himself quoting, "Those also serve who only stand and wait."

Slowly an idea formed itself in his troubled brain, and the beauty of it grew with the light of morning, until the trouble vanished, and a strong purpose set his young lips and shone from his grey, resolute eyes.

The sea and the night and Mount Baker had spoken to him, and shown him what the noise of the people had failed to show.

"Yes," he muttered, "that is the way. Real soldiers don't choose their service, and I guess she'll know!" and, oddly enough, she was no boy's love, but that impersonal creation at which foreigners laugh—Mother England.

But the foreigners don't know what fools those colonists can be.

If you go through the pine-woods, it is only a very short way from the sea-beach to where the chain-gang works at its daily labour of trenching, and this way Cuthbert took.

If he had been in a hurry to speak to his elder brother, Cuthbert would have been beside him in twenty minutes; but an early rising sportsman, looking for snipe, passed the lad lying in the wet fern on the edge of the open land an hour after the chain-gang had begun to work.

This sportsman spoke to Cuthbert, to ask him if he had heard the news. French, he said, had driven the Boers

before him, and entered Colesberg. It was a good New Year's greeting for the Empire, wasn't it? And he guessed that the war would soon be over now, but if Cuthbert's contingent meant to be any good, it had better "get a move on."

The sportsman told his friends afterwards that Stonehenge seemed down on his luck, wet as a sponge and not inclined to talk, and so he had left him, and passed on to speak to Sergeant MacAlister, and give him a morning paper which he had picked up on the car-line.

Somebody would miss his morning news, but it wasn't wasted anyway, for old Mac had just devoured it, and if any of those chain-gang fellows had wanted to get away, they would have had no trouble.

Jim Stonehenge, for instance, was right down at the end of the trench by the wood, not fifty yards from where his brother was lying. But he guessed Mac knew his business. If a man did get away he would be missed at once, and collared before he could get out of the province. No, he had not seen Jim speaking to Cuthbert; didn't think that he knew his brother was there, and when, later on, men knew that Cuthbert Stonehenge had mysteriously disappeared, those who knew him best, having heard the

V.

For a month after Cuthbert Stonehenge's disappearance, there came no tidings of him to his colony, and long before the month had elapsed most men had forgotten all about him.

A man's life seems a vastly important matter to himself, but, whether he is serving his Maker here or elsewhere, makes mighty little difference to anyone else.

This is especially true, perhaps, in the Colonies, where men appear from the outside, and disappear into it again so frequently that less attention is paid to the phenomenon there than elsewhere.

Even in London, a man's club companions stop to say a word or two, if he starts for the Arctic, or makes a trip after sheep to the Roof of the World; but in Western Canada, if you are told that old So-and-So has gone up to Cape Nome, or to Dawson, over the ice, you express no more surprise than if you were told that he had gone round to the other club; and if he goes through the ice on the Stickies, or dies of scurvy at Cape Nome, it is much the same.

Far journeyings have always been in the common order of things in our far North-West, and it is hard to find a man who has not made them.

The only men, indeed, who talk about them in the papers are those who hunt not game or gold, but copy. By the club fire out West these gentlemen would hardly receive a hearing. The fellows would glance nervously at some grey-haired old man, with lined face and shaggy eyebrows, and would move uncomfortably away.

They know that he did the same journeys in the way of business forty years ago, not only before the steamers ran, but before the trails had been trodden.

Only an old Hussar, very much broken now, and a frail lady, who had ceased to care whether her hands would look fine enough for The Grange, watched the papers anxiously for some tidings of their boy.

"He will get into one of the troops of irregular horse," said the old man. "They won't be such fools at the seat of war as to refuse a man like Cuthbert, and his leg won't be in his way in the saddle. We shall have tidings of him yet, Lassie."

And one day they thought that the mystery of his disappearance had been solved.

There was a man, and he was an American, who ought to have known better, who jeered at the boasted loyalty of Britons to a mere ideal, and did not believe that this loyalty would make much of a showing if it was put to the test; and yet those two old people on the ranch read that the Canadian contingent which left Canada 1000 strong, arrived in Africa 1010.

The thousand who were allowed to go, competed for the honour of going, but ten did more, they disobeyed the order to stay away. Possibly that is the only order England could give which her children would not obey.

There were ten stowaways on board the *Sardinian*, and, according to the official report, the name of one of them was Cuthbert Stonehenge.

The odd thing was that he appeared to have gone on to the front. Some of the regular contingent broke down or were refused by the doctors on landing—two, I think—but Cuthbert Stonehenge got through this time.

"I told you so, Lassie," said the old man, and he was proved to be right; for a fortnight later Cuthbert Stonehenge was reported as "wounded" at the battle by the Tugela.

As the report did not say "dangerously wounded" the old mother thanked her God humbly that her boy had done his duty, and was for the time out of danger; but the old man knew his breed better, and still kept his eye on the casualty list.

"If he isn't dead, he'll soon be fighting again," said he.

But Death is an irregular fighter, not insisting always upon frontal attacks, or striking always where he is expected, but dealing rather in frequent ambushes and surprises; and so it came that an imperative message reached the ranch one day, bidding Captain and Mrs. Stonehenge come to the capital at once, if they wished to see their convict son again before he died.

The message said that a varicose vein had burst whilst he was in the chain-gang, and burst so high up that there was very little chance of saving him.

Varicose veins are, no doubt, as hereditary as courage, but poor old Stonehenge had always thought that his eldest son was free from them.

It was a strange turning of the tables, and a sad one, but, as life wears out, the power of grieving overmuch wears out with it, and if one of their boys must be taken, perhaps they both felt now that it had better be Jim.

The old folk would not be long behind him, and where he was going it would be known whether he or Smethcote should have been in the chain-gang.



She sang "The Soldiers of the Queen."

snipe-shooter's story, concluded that he had crawled up to have a last look at poor old Jim, but hadn't the heart to say good-bye to him in such surroundings.

It was bitter enough for Jim to work there, with a twenty-pound shot on his legs, for a crime of which he was innocent. Perhaps it would be more bitter still to say good-bye to the failure of the family, who was going out to serve his Queen. And, yet, there was the rub.

Cuthbert had gone without a sign. The town was too small, and he was too well known for him to be in hiding; but why had he gone? He could not have gone with the contingent. He had no right to be with it. He had been "spun" by the doctor as unsound, so people learned. Well, anyway, if he wasn't good enough to be food for powder and shot, he certainly wasn't worth worrying about, and, as a matter of fact, no one worried. He was only good for the football team, and even that could do without him.

And MacAlister, the sergeant of the chain-gang, had less to say than most men.

He hadn't see Cuthbert Stonehenge. He had seen no leave-taking between the brothers. That fellow there, with the shot on his legs, was all the Stonehenge he was responsible for, and he didn't want any cursed civilians gassing round him when he was on duty.

Sergeant MacAlister's temper was suffering from the war strain.

At the gaol they were met by the chaplain. He told them at once that they must expect the worse, but even then he seemed as if he had more to say. If he had, he did not say it, but asked them instead if they would mind seeing MacAlister, the sergeant of the chain-gang, before going in to see their son.

It was a strange request, but the poor old folk were feeble now, and patient, ready to submit to anything, and, moreover, they knew that this rough soldier had been kind to Jim.

Cuthbert had told them so.

What passed at that interview no one but themselves and MacAlister ever knew. There is a story that MacAlister, who never had a pocket-handkerchief, came out using his fingers in a way he had never been seen to use them before. He certainly struck a prisoner for staring at him, and was severely reprimanded in consequence. He had never done such a thing before.

As for the old folk, she was seen no more for many days. Her boy was dying. He could not last more than a day or two at most, and while he lived she would not be asked to leave him; but the old man had to find lodging outside the gates, and those who saw him marvelled, for Stonehenge was for the moment no longer the broken soldier who shunned men's glances, but one who, though his cheeks glistened, and his eyes were dim, held his head

day it could not have been expected that the nature of the wounds of a private, and only a colonist at that, would have been specified at the time, but it appears that the way in which our man received his wounds was exceptional.

It appears now that the silencing of the big Boer gun, which did such terrible execution that day among our troops, was not due to our artillery, excellently served though that was, but to a piece of irregular fighting, which illustrates the value of a sportsman's training on the field of battle.

Few thought when they used to hear of the success of the boys from Atley, among our mountain-sheep, that their skill as riflemen would ever be of service to their country, but it seems that when the contingent had twice suffered from the 40-pounder, Private Stonehenge asked permission of his commanding officer to stalk the big gun.

The request was not in accordance with the rules of the Red-Book, but the man in command knew possibly more of his men than he did of the mysteries of drill, and knew that what Stonehenge could not hit would have to be very small, and very far away; so permission was given, and Stonehenge, stripping himself of all impedimenta except his bare rifle and ammunition, ran boldly across the open, though the bullets kicked up the dust all round him as he went.

Germany, it will be easy to calculate the service rendered by the merciless accuracy of the rifle behind the boulder.

When dusk fell, and the troops on either side had been withdrawn, it was hardly a matter of surprise to the Red Cross party from our lines that they did not find Private Stonehenge in the depression in which he had been seen to fall.

He had wormed his way thence to the boulder, behind which he was found with a pile of empty shells in front of him, wounded in five places, and unable to crawl away, trying in vain to cut up a pipeful of plug tobacco.

When this had been done for him he asked the doctor in charge to look after anyone who was not past curing, and, if he could think of it, to send a message to his people that he thought the sport was worth the journey, and to tell his brother that though he had not got a Boer for every day since they swapped places, he had done pretty well.

The message is not understood here, but it may interest the friends of this gallant rifle-shot, and is given as it was delivered.

For a few minutes after the reading there was silence round the sick man's bed, and then the old man, with a strange flush on his thin cheeks, said, "Poor Jim!" but



"One of our officers, using his glasses from behind a cover, saw distinctly single rifle-shots fired from behind a boulder."

as proudly as if he were carrying the colours of his regiment.

He put on strange frills, men said, for a man coming from the death-bed of his eldest son, and that death-bed in a ward of one of her Majesty's prisons. Strange, too, he spoke of the son in there with no touch of shame, rather with a pride that had in it a touch of reverence.

Old Stonehenge was getting "doty," men said, and no wonder, and—for they were kindly people in the main—next morning elaborate efforts were made to keep him out of hearing of the newsboys.

"The luck of those Stonehenges is enough," they said, "to make men disbelieve in a God." As if God's ways were men's ways!

But the old man obtained his paper in spite of them, and after one quick gasp steadied himself, squared his shoulders, and marched up to the prison.

He was in the fire-zone now, and an English Hussar was not going to show that he was hit until he was down.

The paper Captain Stonehenge took with him contained a strange message of comfort to a dying man, and to the old colonial failures who read it by their son's bed.

That day the sheet was in mourning, and the chief of its headlines read: "The first of our sons: how Cuthbert Stonehenge met his death."

"It will be remembered," the editor wrote, "that at the battle by the Tugela Cuthbert Stonehenge was reported wounded. With a casualty list as long as ours was that

"Though he ran faster than he ever ran the hundred yards in Canada, he had not covered that distance before he dropped face downwards into a shallow depression, and those who saw him fall counted his life wasted.

A quarter of an hour later, something went wrong with the big gun. The serving of it began to fluctuate. Its deadly regularity had gone. Once or twice it ceased firing altogether, and then it was that one of our officers, using his glasses from behind a cover, saw distinctly single rifle-shots fired from behind a boulder within three hundred yards of the big gun.

As he watched, the firing recommenced.

A couple of rounds were fired by the forty-pounder, three or four tiny puffs of smoke came from behind the boulder, and again the men had rest from their big enemy.

An attempt was made by the men in charge of the gun to clear out their troublesome neighbour, but to show themselves on the three hundred yards which lay between the boulder and the gun was to be swept out of existence by the English fire, and after one feeble attempt they desisted.

For the rest of that awful afternoon the big gun was comparatively inactive, and it is believed that the number of gunners killed in the action was out of all proportion to the other losses of the enemy.

When it is remembered that these gunners are skilled men, not natives, but for the most part made in

the mother buried her face on her boy's pillow and put her arms about his neck—

"Cuthbert, Cuthbert!" she sobbed, "we have given all for England," and the dying man answered—

"Yes, dear, and you have no need now to be ashamed of your eldest born."

There are still two old people waiting for the call which most men dread. It's a good deal more than four years since Stonehenge, of her Majesty's Hussars, came out to Canada to make a fortune for himself and Lassie. But they were always sanguine people, and hope soon to go home now, and in that hope they kneel Sunday after Sunday in the church on the hill beneath a slab which bears the inscription—

"To the memory of James and Cuthbert Stonehenge, who died in her Majesty's service January 1900. 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

It is a queer inscription, for few speak of the chain-gang as her Majesty's service, and fewer care to record such service on their children's grave-stones; but grief has turned the poor old people's heads, and, after all, in a colony people are not very particular.

If you want to be mad you may be. Nobody minds so long as you are not dangerous. If anyone besides the parents even thinks that he understands the inscription, it is that quaint devil MacAlister: he insists that it is all right.

Well, he knows more about the chain-gang and those who are in it than anyone else.

THE END.

W I N T E R I N C H I N A.



SAILING-SLEDGES ON THE GRAND CANAL.

In winter, as in summer, the waterways of China are the chief arteries of traffic. The boat or barge gives way to the sledge. To assist the traction, the Chinaman rigs up a sail, which, with the faintest air, greatly facilitates the progress of the vehicle.

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.



1. The 12th Battery Royal Field Artillery halting to feed at Lu-Tao.

2. The Germans crossing the Bridge at Lu-Li-Ho, Thirty Miles from Peking.

THE MARCH TO PAO-TING-FU.

From sketches by the late Lionel Jarriff.



WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: THE BRITISH CAMP AT LU-LI-HO.
From a Sketch by the late Lionel Balfour.



THE FLOODS IN ROME: THE PANTHEON DURING THE INUNDATION.

L. E. Trenchard, Rom.

THE RECENT FLOODS IN ROME.



THE PONTE NOMENTANO.

Photo, J. B. Tassinari.



THE ACQUA ACETOSA.

Photo, J. B. Tassinari.



THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

Photo, J. B. Tassinari.



THE FORUM.

Photo, J. B. Tassinari.



THE ISOLA TIBERINA: SHOWING WATER ABOVE THE WINDOWS.

Photo, Anstett.



IN THE PIAZZA PIA: SOLDIERS CONVEYING A FISHMAN AND INHABITANTS IN A BOAT.

Photo, Anstett.



IN THE PIAZZA PIA: CONVEYING INHABITANTS IN BOATS ALONG THE INUNDATED STREETS.

Photo, Anstett.



THE PONTE DI SAN ANGELO, WITH THE WATER UP TO THE KEY-STONE OF THE ARCHES.

LADIES' PAGE.

There is nothing to be known about jewellery that is not known to Mr. Streeter, whose scientific work on precious stones is the great authority for lovers of gems. The jewels in the stock of Messrs. Streeter and Co., 18, New Bond Street, of which he is the head, are therefore selected with quite exceptional ability, and purchasers are sure of getting the full value for their money. There are some unique ornaments, too, the results of Mr. Streeter's expeditions to search the turquoise and emerald mines of King Solomon's day in the East. There is a splendid string of pearls and emeralds—it would be out of place to call it a muff-chain, though that is its *genre*—having for central clasp a cabochon emerald engraved with the scarabeus, and finished at the ends with a big oval cabochon emerald and a huge pearl, the principal stones of which were once worn by a daughter of the Pharaohs. Fine necklets and tiaras there are in choice selection; and the rubies here are superb. The turquoise matrix cut into flat plates and set at intervals, on gold links makes a handsome and uncommon muff-chain. Turning to more ordinary ornaments, there is infinite variety and excellent value in pretty brooches and lace-pins. A butterfly, with emeralds and rubies in the wings, a bee with rubies in the head and body, a tortoise in sapphires and diamonds, are only some of the pretty designs. The swallow we illustrate is in diamonds with the wings brightened by rubies. Our other illustration is of a charming brooch, of greater value, in a design very suitable for a Christmas gift; the mistletoe-leaf and moss-rosebud are in brilliant, the stalk green enamel. There are many kinds of pencils, a speciality being a flat carpenter's pencil-case in eighteen-carat gold set



SWALLOW LACE-PIN.
Messrs. Streeter.



HANDSOME MISTLETOE AND ROSEBUD BROOCH II.
Messrs. Streeter.

with gems. There is an excellent silver department here also, replete with the newest articles, and many charming things for presents, such as letter-clips, combined with photo. frames; other frames in carved silver and tortoiseshell; silver and gold penholders; pins set in silver stands; ash-trays; some new vases in cut crystal with embossed silver worked on, quite novel and very charming, and delightful trinket-boxes in enamel on silver.

A capital present for a lady's toilet is supplied by Messrs. Scrubb and Co., of "Household Ammonia" fame. There is no more fertile cause of bad complexions than hard water to wash with; a few drops of Scrubb's ammonia, especially if used in conjunction with Scrubb's pure soap, makes the hardest water as pleasant and wholesome as rain-water. No lady should ever be without it on the washstand. It is a delightful addition to the bath, and makes it possible to wash laces and small flannels at home with ease, and much to their advantage.

Illness and affliction take no account of Christmas, but there are numerous invalids who can be cheered by the prospect of a lasting alleviation of their suffering by a Christmas gift of a suitable article selected from the stock of Messrs. Carter and Co., 6A, New Cavendish Street. Besides these invalid-chairs, supports, and so on, there are many articles here which are a most agreeable addition to the luxury of ordinary daily life for those who are not ill. Carter's "breakfast-in-bed table," his patent reading-stand or book-holder, to hold a volume over a library-chair, or one of his luxuriously comfortable adjustable couches, would be a charming gift for anybody.

At the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company's premises, 188, Oxford Street, the speciality for this Christmas is a toilet-set, including every article at a very exceptional price; it consists of a manufacturer's stock ordered for South Africa and unable to be used for this purpose because of the war. Each piece is sold separately, or the set—brushes, mirrors, trays, bottles, boxes, etc.—complete; and the good value may be judged from our illustration of the chased solid silver powder-jar, 3½ in. high, which is only two guineas. A useful gift at present is a solid silver lady's purse, which could be carried in the hand in default of a pocket. The popular gun-metal articles, some set with turquoises, are here in large variety; in pencils of many shapes and sizes, cigar and cigarette cases, note-books, and sleeve-links. A novelty is the aromatic scent-ball charm, illustrated, which is perforated all over to allow a perfume with which the woollen pad in the interior is saturated to escape; this can be had at all prices, from silver to fine gold studded with gems, from 5s. to £15; it is to hang on bracelet or watch-chain. A speciality of the Alexander Clark Company is their "Welbeck" Plate.



SILVER PUFF-BOX.
Alexander Clark.



SILVER LADY'S PURSE.
Alexander Clark.

Infinite variety in sleeves is perhaps the most striking feature of our new gowns. There are endless notions in variation on the one theme of an upper and under sleeve. A sleeve of plain cloth as regards the top and the deep narrow cuff has interposed between the two portions an elbow puff of mousseline-de-soie; the close-fitting cloth portions are trimmed with a criss-cross of very fine gold thread. A sleeve to a grey taffetas gown has a cuff turned back at the elbow, faced with velvet and edged with narrow lace; below the elbow is an under sleeve of chiffon gathered round in four places by rows of runnings to make as many puffings, and a ruche next to the wrist. A sleeve of black silk is trimmed from shoulder to elbow with waves of velvet baby-ribbon, the design caught in places under lovers-knots of jet paillettes; this ends at the elbow, and mousseline-de-soie makes the under-sleeve, bouillonné twice by strappings round of the black velvet ribbon. A sleeve plain to about six inches from the wrist has there a rather broad strap of velvet laid round, with a mitred end falling away loose at the back from under a diamond buckle; beneath this is a cuff of guipure lace, lightly gathered into a puff by a black velvet wristlet. A gown in brown taffetas has a sleeve of pale brown panne spotted with gold pens, cut pagoda-shape at the wrist, and the fullness of that shape caught into a narrow cuff of sable; of course, in every case the same trimming is to be found elsewhere in the gown. This particular sleeve accompanies a skirt with a flat band



A SKATING COSTUME.

of sable down the centre, and a band of the brown panne spotted with gold set down on either side of the sable, and thence sweeping round to head a shaped flounce of the brown taffetas. A very elaborate sleeve combines in its one small personality no fewer than five fabrics—a plain satin-faced cloth, a fancy silk, black velvet ribbon, guipure lace, and mousseline-de-soie. The top of the sleeve is of plain cloth, and fits the arm closely, but is fully trimmed; it has bands of black velvet ribbon round it; at the elbow turns up a band of guipure, which is also carried up the back of the sleeve to the shoulder. Next comes the under-sleeve of fancy taffetas (the cloth happening to be automobile, the taffetas is a red and black shot ground); and this ends a few inches above the wrist to show a bouillonnée of cream mousseline-de-soie.

Our illustration gives our Artist's design for a skating costume (personally, I should have it some inches shorter); it is in cloth, lightly trimmed with fur, and is strapped down in an original manner, yoke and under-sleeve being in lace. With this gown goes a toque of fur to match with chiffon rosette.

The Prince of Wales has kindly ordered that a special selection of the books bound by women members of "the Guild of Women Binders" shall be submitted to him for choice. Three years ago, H.R.H. ordered a new visitors' book for Sandringham, to be bound by one of these ladies, and it was most successfully produced. Another woman's art industry that owes much to the royal patronage is the School of Art Needlework, with which Princess Christian is particularly identified, and which is now showing at South Kensington a most beautiful needlework display.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, at 158, Oxford Street, and 2, Queen Victoria Street, are showing a large stock of fine jewellery, ranging from superb collet diamond necklaces and tiaras worth a couple of thousand pounds, to charms, studs, and pins at modest prices. The brooch we illustrate is one of those bizarre and striking ornaments that some ladies much affect; the lizard is in brilliant, with an emerald in his head. A scroll of diamonds with three turquoises pendant is very pretty. So is one of the circle brooches which has scroll-work in brilliant and a fine turquoise centring each twist. There is a very good stock of opals here, set as rings, bracelets, pendants, and other ornaments. Some pretty little lace-pins, notably a swallow in gold, with a pearl in his mouth, and a dove bearing the olive-branch in gold and pearls, are to be had for a sovereign, and innumerable pearl brooches at a slightly higher price offer an extensive choice. Charms and pins and rings are also to be had in variety at reasonable prices.



DIAMOND AND EMERALD LIZARD BROOCH.
Messrs. Mappin and Webb.



DIAMOND RING.
Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

Messrs. Fisher, 188, Strand, are specialists in all sorts of leather goods. Their newest invention is a chateleine-bag, which is cleverly shaped to the figure, so as to lie flat against the hip. There is an immense variety of writing-cases for travelling; the "Twentieth Century" is a good one, having an interior pocket that remains closed to protect private papers while the case is lying open for writing upon. The "On Service" writing-case is the very thing for anyone going to a hot climate, being of the best sole-leather, strongly stitched, not glued or pasted. This is an excellent place to buy a man's present: dressing-cases, wonderful knives—from the little "Smoker's Knife," in silver, at 7s. 6d., to the "Angler's Knife," with knife, scissors, saw, pincers, gripping-hooks, and corkscrew—all smoking appliances, razor-cases, flasks, and purse-belts. There are many charming inkstands, a brass one, called the "Tennyson," being a noble-looking library adornment. In the same style of material and make is the "Imperial Casket," with medallions appropriate to the name. Dressing-cases from the largest to the smallest of their kind, portmanteaus, boxes and bags in every variety await the purchaser here at very reasonable prices.

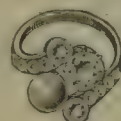


LADY'S CARD-CASE.
Messrs. Fisher.

An opera or race glass is a traditionally good Christmas present, and nowhere can such be found in greater variety and perfection than at Messrs. Negretti's, Holborn Viaduct. They have also stereoscopes, thermometers, aneroid barometers, and every optician's article, and their reputation in this direction is unapproachable. Their microscopes suggest an excellent gift to an intelligent young person. Photographic apparatus and geometrical-drawing materials are also specialties here suitable for gifts.

For the man or woman of many papers it would be hard to find more useful gifts than the "Time-saving specialties" of Messrs. Henry Stone and Son. They make all kinds of original cabinets specially and ingeniously devised for holding letters, memorandum-books, music and papers. Stone's "Mozart Music-cabinet" is a handsome and useful drawing-room speciality. The London show-rooms are 62, Berners Street, Oxford Street; or an illustrated catalogue can be had by post.

Capital imitation diamonds and other stones are to be had at the establishment of the Faulkner Diamond Company, 98, The Quadrant, Regent Street. Besides the well-known ornaments of every kind in large and small pieces, made in the "Faulkner" artificial brilliants, mounted in gold and silver and quite undetectable in wear, there are this year various specialties of a singularly charming kind. There are some copies of antique rings, in marquise shape, in topaz and other stones of the old fashion in cutting; and also some muff-chains, set all along with topazes of various colours, which are really quite lovely. There are also new brooches, which are constructed in enamel, topaz, emerald, and other stones, and set to resemble a bouquet of flowers, placed in a beautifully carved golden basket. These are most attractive ornaments, and are very much worn in Paris at present, though still such novelties here. Remarkable value is a set of turquoises; hardly "imitation," for they are composed of the dust made in polishing the stone, welded together by art; the Faulkner set complete—muff-chain, necklace, earrings, and ring—is only one guinea. We illustrate a handsome brooch and ring in artificial diamonds.



DIAMOND AND PEARL RING.—Faulkner.



DIAMOND BROOCH.—Faulkner.

FILONENA.



DE WET'S PURSUER: GENERAL CHARLES E. KNOX.

BOERS IN ZULULAND.

Everybody thought that Zululand was cleared of Boers, but as late as the last week in October a party of fifty or sixty raided across the border, looted stores, and carried

to various capitals of Europe, exciting great interest at the time, and nowhere more than in London. Two lines of Syriac run down the left and right side of the Chinese. There is also Syriac writing at the foot. Recent visitors have found that the stone is in good preservation, and

skull naturalists deduce his relationship to the marsupials of Australia and America. He is spiny, bristly, and hairy, and his colour is a yellowish brown. His length does not much exceed a foot. He hibernates underground for quite half the year, and during that time his enemy the worm



DETACHMENT OF GOUGH'S COMPOSITE REGIMENT HALTING IN FRONT OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S MISSION STATION, RORKE'S DRIFT, ZULULAND.

off cattle. A detachment of Gough's composite regiment was sent after them, but the good start they had gained enabled them to elude their pursuers. Our Illustration shows part of the English force halting at the Mission of St. Augustine's, Rorke's Drift.

THE NESTORIAN TABLET IN CHINA.

One of the most interesting monuments of ancient Christianity in China is the Nestorian tablet or Syro-Chinese monument which stands one mile outside the gate of Singan-fu in Shên-si. The story it tells is that of the fortunes of the Nestorian mission in China between the years 636 and 781. It sets forth the dogmas of Christianity, records the history of Christian effort in China, and is a sort of metrical thanksgiving to God and to the Emperors who favoured the Christian cause. All trace of the mission has vanished except only this monument. It was unearthed in 1625, and copies of its inscription were sent

rubbings which have been taken attest its perfection. The Syriac characters composing the signatures of Olopin and his associates add to its interest. In 1859 a Chinaman rebuilt the tablet into the brick wall where it had once stood outside the city. The material is a coarse marble. A considerable controversy has raged round this interesting relic, but the weight of evidence now inclines towards the conclusion that it is genuine.

THE TAILLESS TENREC.

The latest addition to the Zoological Gardens is a specimen of the tailless tenrec, a native of Madagascar. There are now four tenrecs at Regent's Park. The common tenrec (*Tenrec ecaudatus*) is a worm-eater. Like his kinsman the mole, his habits are nocturnal. The animal belongs to the primitive type of mammals which abound in Madagascar. He has no tail, and his arrangement of teeth is unique—four upper tribitubercular molars. From his teeth and his

has him at his mercy, and does not scruple to use his opportunity. The Malagasy esteem the tenrec as a roast dish.

THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL AT KESWICK.

A memorial which has been subscribed for by friends and disciples of the late John Ruskin was unveiled recently at Friar's Crag, Keswick. The monument consists of a simple monolithic block of Borrowdale stone, rough and unshewn as it came from the quarry. It is of the type of the standing stones of Galloway, which are the earliest Christian monuments of the Celtic people now extant. On one side is incised a simple Chi-Rho, enclosed in a circle after the fashion of these earliest crosses. On the other side of the monolith, facing Derwentwater and the scene which Ruskin once described "as one of three most beautiful scenes in Europe," is a medallion in bronze, the work of Signor Lucchesi, representing Ruskin as he was in his prime, in the early 'seventies.



A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: THE TAILLESS TENREC OF MADAGASCAR.



THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTION IN CHINA: THE SYRO-CHINESE MONUMENT AT SINGAN-FU, DATED 781 A.D.



THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL AT KESWICK.

Photo. A. Pellish, Keswick.

T H E I L L N E S S O F T H E C Z A R



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NICHOLAS II. IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.



THE NIGHT CHARGE OF THE 19TH HUSSARS NEAR LYDENBURG ON NOVEMBER 7.

Drawn by T. CATON WOODVILLE.

A party of the 19th Hussars and the Manchester Mounted Infantry passed the Boer outposts, and while the latter engaged the pikets, the Hussars charged the main body of the enemy, achieving many of them.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

England, Egypt, and the Sudan. By H. D. Traill. London: Constable, 18s. 1.

The Unconquered Maudslayi. By Stephen Townsend, F.R.C.S. London: Fisher Unwin, 6s.

The Waterloo Campaign. By William Siborne. London: Constable, 6s.

The History of the War of 1815. By Augustus J. C. Hare, Vol. IV., V., VI., London: Constable, 3s. 6d.

Omara Khayyam. New York: Duxbury.

History of the South African War. (London: Office of the

The history of English endeavour and accomplishment in Egypt during the century now drawing to a close presents a record of which every Englishman must be proud. Dangers and difficulties without number have done little more than create master-minds ready to cope with them, and could the scandal of General Gordon's betrayal be forgotten, the century would be one of progressive development throughout Egypt. Some of our ablest administrators, our soundest financiers, and our best soldiers have won their honours in the land of the Pharaohs, and a book that presents the story of their accomplishments needs only a capable author to secure a permanent place in the library. Of Dr. Traill's gifts it is unnecessary to write at length. The volume before us is a model of selection and arrangement; it gives a closely reasoned résumé of every important political movement that has affected Egyptian history since the times of Mehmet Ali. Actions that stand bare in the pages of history are clothed here with the story of their causes and effects; much is set down that was known hitherto only to the few whose interests in Egypt are great or permanent. Though Dr. Traill had nothing but contempt for Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, his book presents the difficulties that faced the Liberal Cabinet in 1884; while the chapter that tells the story of Khartoum leaves us conscious of the debt owing to our civil and military administrators, who might have ruined English prestige had they made mistakes.

Hett, as becomes a Skye terrier, has considerable sense of humour, and a very good opinion of herself; and her story of the "thoroughbred mongrel" who, through no fault of his own, is foisted upon an unsuspecting family as a Chihuahua from Mexico, is amusing if it be somewhat lacking in point. We sympathise with Jock, the colley, and with Hett, left to pine in the cold shades of neglect when the canine impostor appears; and share the eagerness with which they await the inevitable day of his exposure. It goes without saying that the dogs discover "His Majesty's" real origin long before the Humans find him out and consign him with ignominy to the stables, which are found by him far more congenial than the stuff-lined basket-kennel appropriate to a specimen of the smallest breed of dog known. It is difficult to work up any sympathy for the unfortunate puppy, who has, according to his own account, been brought up on gin and sugar; but when he has outgrown his false character and has killed his first rat under Hett's tuition, he seems in a fair way to become a respectable member of canine society. But for the too-prevalent atmosphere of strong waters and the not very pleasing incident of the suborned judge at the local dog-show, the book might be recommended as suitable for children. Mr. Sheppard's drawings are bold in execution, if not remarkably artistic; they are humorous, with the humour of caricature.

"The Waterloo Campaign" is a reprint, under the care of Professor Edward Arber, of Captain Siborne's famous history of the campaign of the Allies against Napoleon in 1815. The book is recognised as the standard work on the subject, though many of Siborne's statements have been corrected by military experts in France, England, and Germany. One great merit of the work is that it does not end with the account of Waterloo, but takes the reader step by step through all the diplomacy and military manoeuvring that led to the occupation of Paris and the final abdication of Napoleon. It is written in a full and fluent style which is somewhat out of vogue now, but which has a warmth and swiftness and colour of its own. The book is admirably provided with maps and illustrations, is clear in its account of strategy and tactics, and should find many readers.

The three concluding volumes of Mr. Augustus Hare's autobiography are, if it be possible, even more interesting than was the first instalment, published in 1896; and countless travellers, who would find a debt of gratitude to the author of the justly famed guide-books, will find it pleasant here to make acquaintance with the writer to whom they owe so many happy hours coupled with so much valuable information. Mr. Hare has not only met most of the interesting and remarkable people of his day, but he manages to tell something interesting and characteristic about each of them; scarce a page but contains a good story, and although the hypercritical might complain that the author has a peculiar leaning towards the uncanny and the supernatural, others, on the other hand, will consider that a grace the more. When the Crown Prince of Sweden visited London, he is said to have observed that what struck him most was the multiplicity of Mr. Hare's cousins. Among his closest relations were included the late Dean of Westminster and the whole of the Liddell clan.

If the cult of "Omara Khayyam" has no particular literary significance, it certainly has had one excellent result in the multiplication of charming editions of the

"Rubaiyat." The latest of these is the sumptuous volume issued by Duxbury of New York, where every three stanzas are enshrined in a descriptive and symbolic design. Fitzgerald's rendering has been followed, and there is a copious introduction by M. Kerney. As a further delay between introduction and text, there is a little poem in the Fitzgerald metre, inscribed to Omar, by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy. This is a book that good Omarians should give to one another at Christmas.

An admirable contribution to the pictorial records of the South African War comes to us from our contemporary the *Graphic*. The complete narrative of the campaign has been written by Mr. Wentworth Huiyshe, and special chapters have been added on the various great sieges of the war by contributors who were eye-witnesses of the operations in question. Sir Howard Vincent contributes a special article on the Volunteers, and Sir William MacCormac writes upon the care of the wounded in the field. The illustrations, which are as numerous as they are excellent, are by Messrs. Maud, Frith, Giles, and Thiele, the special artists of the *Graphic*, and by officers at the front.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Young people ought to be duly grateful for the splendid series of gift-books issued by publishers in view of the coming Christmas season. There is obviously a tendency this year to print books of short stories for boys and girls, rather than the lengthy romances of former

namby-pamby; and *In Cloister and Court* resembles a gentle Sunday afternoon in its pleasant simplicity. *In Cloister and Court* is published by J. E. Shaw (5s.), and is so prettily got-up that it ought to make a charming gift-book. But by far and away the best of Miss Everett-Green's four stories is *The Silver Axe*, published by Hutchinson (5s.). It is so good, indeed, that it seems almost a pity to rank it as a Christmas gift-book—only a little more was needed to make it an excellent historical romance. The plot is fresh and a little uncanny, the influence of the weird silver axe being felt again and again as a motif in the story. Three of Miss Everett-Green's tales deal with the times of the first three Stuart Kings of England, a period in which she is evidently much at home. She writes pleasantly and fluently, with a slight leaning, if anything, to the Royalist side of the quarrel, and yet with a full appreciation of the Puritans. At times she is inclined to be a little milk-and-sugary; still one cannot imagine better books than hers to give as presents to *les jeunes filles*.

To our mind, the pick of the Christmas bunch is *Ye Mariners of England* (6s.), a "boy's book of the Navy," by Herbert Hayens. It is published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, who are to be congratulated on procuring a book for Christmas which is far more thrilling than most novels, as true as history, patriotic in its appeal, and of a charming variety in its contents. Mr. Hayens writes remarkably well—he can achieve the brisk, vivid, martial narrative without overloading his page with colours like a crude war-correspondent. The plan of the book, too, is admirably clear and simple. Mr. Hayens begins at the beginning, and takes us right through the history of the British Navy, welding all our wars and their causes and incidents into a well-knit and animated narrative. As might be expected, the book is full of plums. When Marshal de Conflans fled before Lord Hawke he ran into Quiberon Bay, which his own pilots knew well, but which he thought would scare the Englishmen owing to its terrible reputation for reefs and quicksands. Hawke stood on right into the bay. "Lay me alongside the ship of Marshal de Conflans," he said to his master mariner. The sailor, who knew the terrible rocks that lurked beneath the surface, demurred. If they stood on, he said, they must run the *Royal George* on a shoal. "Lay me aside Marshal de Conflans," said Hawke. "You've done your duty in pointing out the danger, I'll do mine in meeting it." To save his Admiral, the Captain of the French ship *La Supérbe* hung himself in Hawke's way, and in a few moments was sent to the bottom with high seven hundred men. Hawke ruined the French fleet, and saved England from invasion, while at the same time Wolfe was winning Canada on the heights of Quebec. That is a sample of the stories Mr. Hayens has to tell.

The remaining books in our bundle divide themselves pretty equally into stories of adventure and stories of the domestic emotions. The former are for the boys, we suppose, the latter for the girls. *Place aux dames*. In *Rhoda*, published by Nelsons (2s. 6d.), Miss E. L. Haverfield tells a pleasant tale of the vicissitudes suffered by five girls in London, who lose their wealth, battle bravely with the world, and then, according to the good rule of story-books, come bravely to their own again. Miss Haverfield writes easily, and can construct a story just as well as Annie S. Swan or any of the other writers who find a vein of gushing and gentle sentiment serve them so well. *Tom's Boy*, by the author of "Laddie" (Chambers, 5s.), is, we suspect, another of the books which will find its way oftenest to the girl's side of the school-room. It is a touching-enough story, fluent and easy in the telling, and full of pleasant touches. *Roy*, by Agnes Giberne (Pearson, 5s.), ought to be a girls' story, one would think, considering the sex of the author; but children and adults, of both sexes and all ages, will vote it "prime." The writer contrives to pen a very intimate record of the days of Sir John Moore, showing a military knowledge which ladies do not often possess. This is really a very good book. The author has a positive enthusiasm for the victor of Corunna (well justified, as she shows the reader, who catches her own thrill); and the accounts of the famous march across Spain, of Corunna, of the English prisoners in France, are such as many a historical novelist of the sterner sex might be proud of. There is a pleasant humour, too, in Agnes Giberne's description of life at bath in the beginning of the century. The indefatigable Mr. Henty is to the fore again in *The Irish Brigade* (Blackie, 6s.), a tale of the Irish Jacobites in the service of Louis XIV. of France. Mr. Henty is a little stodgy at times in his longer historical stories, but all the qualities that have endeared him to countless thousands of boys will be found in the present book. Another Jacobite story is Captain Brereton's *In the King's Service* (also published by Blackie, 5s.), a rousing tale of Cromwell's invasion of Ireland. It is rather a pity that story-mongers do not choose their heroes occasionally from among the Puritans; one can get rather tired of too much of the "dashing Cavalier," especially when one remembers that the Roundheads really had the best of it. Clark Russell in *The Petty Polly* (Chatto and Windus, 5s.) and Dr. Gordon Stables in *Travels by the Fireside* (Warne, 5s.) give us their old familiar yarns about the Highlands and the sea. They are entertaining-enough books, if not very original. A better book than either is *Hunting for Gold*, by Hume Nisbet (Warne, 5s.), which deals with the Klondike. It is less the adventures that appeal to us than Mr. Nisbet's brisk and snappy way of telling them. He has a very pretty humour.



THE RESCUE ("A NIGHT OF DARKNESS").

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days. Whether this is altogether a wise arrangement may be questioned, as there is to the boyish mind an added delight in tracing the career of particular persons through a long series of adventures. Short story characters, except when they are delineated with the highest art, never become so familiar and endeared as those whom we follow for several hundred pages. But let that pass. In *Fifty-Two Stories of the British Empire* (5s.) and *Fifty-Two Stirring Stories for Boys* (5s.) Messrs. Hutchinson show themselves well ahead of the latest development. Mr. Alfred H. Miles is the editor of both volumes, and has been ably seconded by such writers as Mr. Henty, Mr. Manville Penn, Mr. H. Hervey, and Mr. Coulson Kernahan. Mr. Manville Penn's "A Night of Darkness," in the second of these volumes, is as good an example of a short story for boys as one could wish to meet. But all the tales are of a high level of excellence. In the *Fifty-Two Stories of the British Empire* the tales have the additional advantage of being true, and yet are every way as thrilling as the fictitious narratives of the companion volume. Messrs. Chambers also seem to think that boys nowadays crave for some variety between the two covers of a book, and are getting somewhat tired of long-winded narratives. In *Venture and Valour* (5s.) they provide fifteen rattling tales by Conan Doyle, G. A. Henty, Tom Gallon, W. W. Jacobs, and others.

One of the most prolific writers for young folks is E. Everett-Green. There are no less than four big stories of hers in the parcel before us. *The Fiery Chariot* (Hutchinson, 2s. 6d.) is a pleasant-enough story; *After Worcester* (F. Nelson, 5s.) is passable but somewhat



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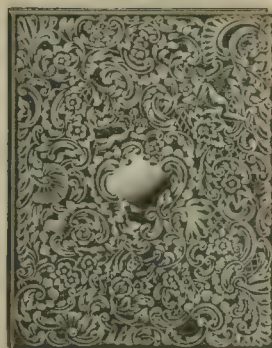
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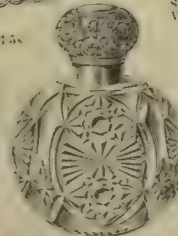
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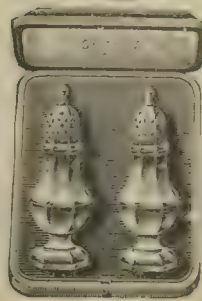
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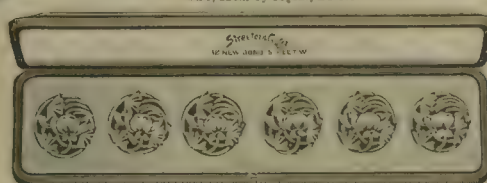
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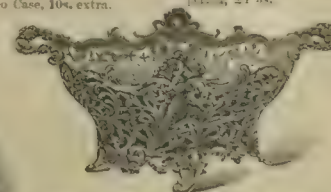
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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

My article of last week was written in the dining-car of the train carrying me from Amsterdam to Cologne; the present one is penned on the good ship *Amsterdam* of the Great Eastern Railway Company, conveying me from the Hook of Holland to Parkstone Quay en route for London. The eight days that elapsed between the two journeys were fruitful in experience, inasmuch as they enabled me to observe, more or less closely, one of the reputedly remarkable men of the very last end of the century which has produced at least three giants of diplomacy—namely, Napoleon I., Cavour, and Bismarck—besides a constellation of minor or comparatively minor masters of statecraft, such as Talleyrand, Metternich, Toussaint l'Ouverture, Abraham Lincoln, Mehmet-Ali, Abdel-Kader, Benito Juarez, and Benjamin Disraeli. Of course, I am excluding from the list legislators whose powers were exercised in inaugurating and executing reforms mainly bearing upon the internal affairs of the countries to which they belonged.

The fame of all these men, as far as one can judge, will stand the test of dispassionate historical inquiry. They made mistakes—notably, the would-be founder of the San Domingo Republic; but the quantity of their achievements outweighed that of their errors. The only one who comes under the category of projectors of unfulfilled purposes is the negro statesman and general, who failed because he had to cope with a brain acknowledged on all sides to have been superior to his. If Bismarck was right, Mr. Paul Kruger is a born diplomatist, and the Iron Chancellor was not lavish with such appellations. The natural deduction, if the estimate was correct, must be that the cerebral potentiality of Lord Salisbury and of Mr. Chamberlain was in excess of his. Yet, in his fall, the ex-President of the South African Republic is still accounted by the world at large, by friends and foes alike, a man of remarkable mental and moral force; while, odd to relate, a similar concession is almost entirely denied to

the memory of Napoleon III. in virtue of his having been worsted in the struggle for European hegemony by the statesman who made a united or unified Germany.

I happen to have seen something of the entourage of the Emperor of the French and also of the man himself, and chance favoured me throughout the whole of last

faces as vacillation was patent on the countenances of Emile Ollivier and the Duc de Gramont, not to mention others. No one could have mistaken the abettors of Napoleon the Third's final war for anything but cultured men of the world; no one could by any possibility pass Boeschoten, Fischer, Wolmarans, and their five or six companions—against whom I ran up at every moment of the day, and from whose table I was only separated by a few steps at meal-times—for anything but the descendants in the first generation of rough-leaved peasants. The social veneer of the members of Mr. Kruger's suite is of the thinnest, and constantly pierces by its very angularity through the well-cut European clothes they wear, giving them at all times the appearance of men utterly out of place amidst their actual surroundings.

Still more glaring is this absence of refinement, or even the semblance of it, in Mr. Kruger himself. I do not say this because Mr. Kruger is awkward. Napoleon III., too, was awkward; yet Lord Normanby, who was an excellent judge and who did not like him, said that he—Napoleon—looked every inch a King. Neither was Bismarck the living embodiment of a tailor's fashion-plate, and bulk for bulk he was probably heavier and taller than Mr. Kruger; yet Bismarck gave one the impression of a lion; Mr. Kruger gives one the impression of an elephant. And, rightly or wrongly, I have arrived at the conclusion that the exterior of Mr. Kruger is the signboard of his intelligence as it was, and as it probably continues to be. The intelligence must be elephantine. It is well known that the hugest of all pachyderms will always stop at a door or window whence he has received a sweetmeat or a delicacy. Upon the same principle Mr. Kruger was proceeding to Berlin, whence he had received the gratifying telegram on the occasion of the Jameson Raid. His progress was stopped half-way. Had the elephantine intellect been matched by elephantine strength, the Schloss in the Prussian capital and its illustrious tenant would not have been worth an hour's purchase after his arrival;



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week by allowing me to catch a glimpse of Oom Paul and of his most intimate advisers, including Dr. Leyds. With the exception of the latter-named, the Dutchmen and Boer celebrities surrounding their late Chief of the State differ entirely—at any rate outwardly—from the men who during the last months of the Second Empire were in close contact with the son of Hortense Bernharnis. Rugged force and dogged obstinacy are as plainly legible on their very manly

faces as vacillation was patent on the countenances of Emile Ollivier and the Duc de Gramont, not to mention others. No one could have mistaken the abettors of Napoleon the Third's final war for anything but cultured men of the world; no one could by any possibility pass Boeschoten, Fischer, Wolmarans, and their five or six companions—against whom I ran up at every moment of the day, and from whose table I was only separated by a few steps at meal-times—for anything but the descendants in the first generation of rough-leaved peasants. The social veneer of the members of Mr. Kruger's suite is of the thinnest, and constantly pierces by its very angularity through the well-cut European clothes they wear, giving them at all times the appearance of men utterly out of place amidst their actual surroundings.



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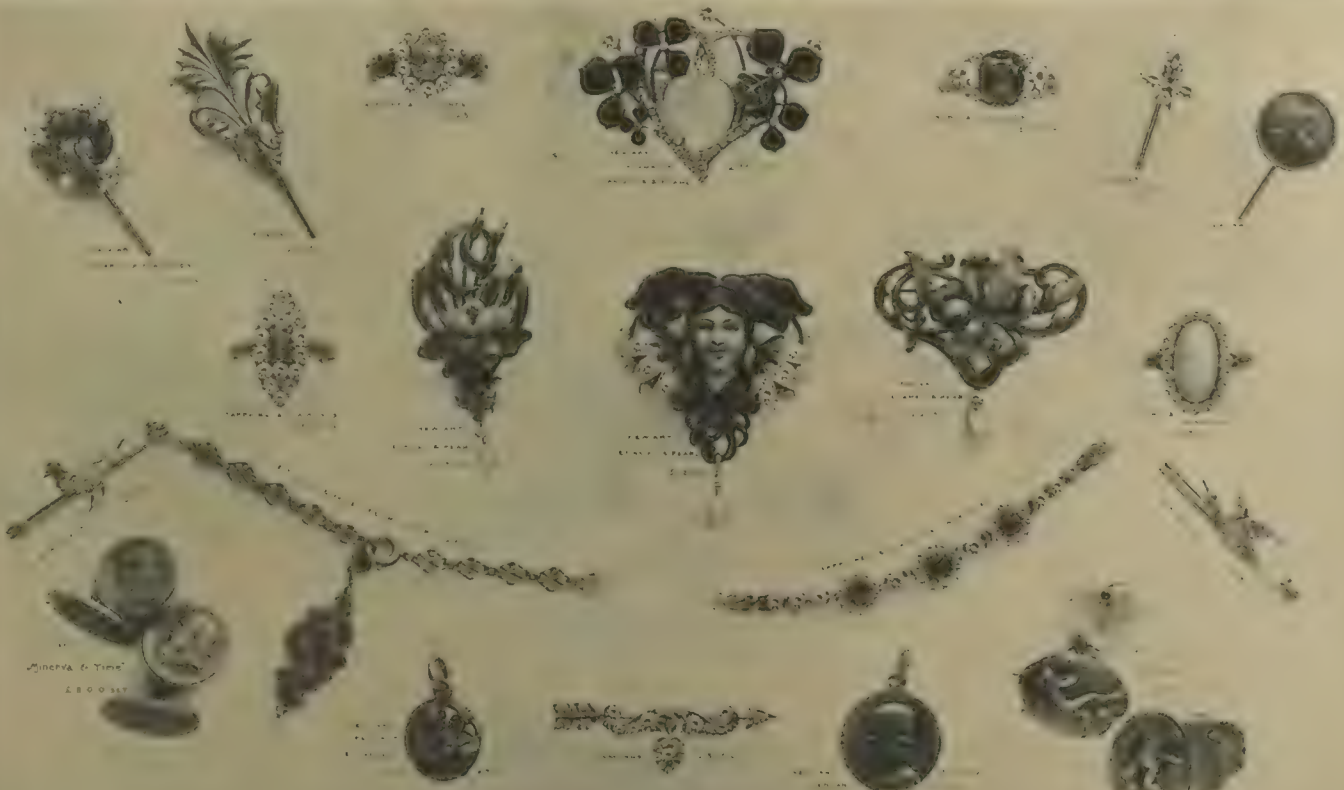
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as it was, he wended his way to the flag to the young girl who, in her kindness of heart, had dispatched the *Gelderland* to carry him to Europe; and who, it is by this time certain, only pledged her own goodwill and not the political support of her Government and country.

Unless my eyesight deceived, the second disappointment will prove the crushing blow to Mr. Kruger's hopes. I saw him as he departed to the audience; I watched him carefully on his return. I timed the whole episode: it did not take five-and-twenty minutes, and as the door of Mr. Kruger's private apartments closed upon his stalwart figure, I, for one, felt that this quasi-dramatic appeal to the Powers of Europe to change a *fait accompli* had reached its final act, and that the only pathetic figure—pathetic in spite of the mistakes committed—will in a few days retire from the world's political stage for good, and not be seduced into any further appearances by the tall, graceful, and lithe showman who for the purposes of self-advertisement has beguiled him all along into the belief that each of the rival political shows of England in Europe would make his cause their own, in sheer detestation of England's monster entertainment. Gramont held out similar inducements to Napoleon III. in June and July 1870. Dr. Leyds in more respects than one reminds me of him who was practically Napoleon the Third's last Foreign Minister, and of whom Bismarck said that he would have done better to shoulder a gun and



THE LATE HENRY RUSSELL, THE FAMOUS SONG-WRITER.

get himself killed in defence of the mischief he had provoked.

Gramont died absolutely forgotten. That fate Dr. Leyds will not submit to; and it is more than probable that, like Emile Olivier, he will sooner or later publish his memoirs, fragmentary or as a whole. It will then be found that neither the "Uitlander" cause, nor the gold-mines of the Transvaal brought on the war, but that if the English had not suppressed the Boers, the latter in ten years, or perhaps before, would have tried to drive the English out of South Africa.

THE LATE HENRY RUSSELL.

Mr. Henry Russell, so well known as a singer and writer of popular songs, died at his London residence on the morning of Dec. 7. Mr. Russell was born at Sheerness in 1812, and early showed a taste for music. When quite a child, he took part in a children's opera at Drury Lane. At twelve he went to Italy, and became acquainted with Donizetti and Bellini, and at the age of twenty proceeded to America, where he began to give entertainments on his own account. He returned to England in 1840, and for twenty years enjoyed unqualified success. He retired in the 'sixties, but in 1891 he reappeared, before a generation that knew him only by name, at a Henry Russell Night at Covent Garden. The words of his most famous song, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" were written by Dr. Charles Mackay, a former editor of this Journal.

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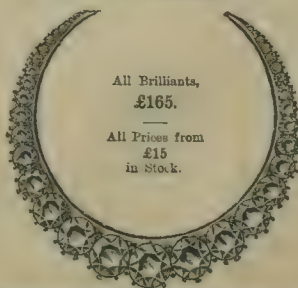
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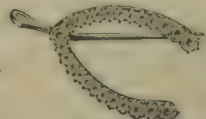
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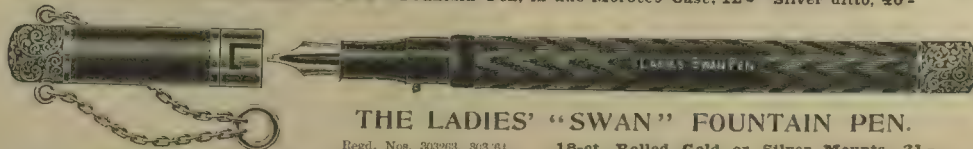
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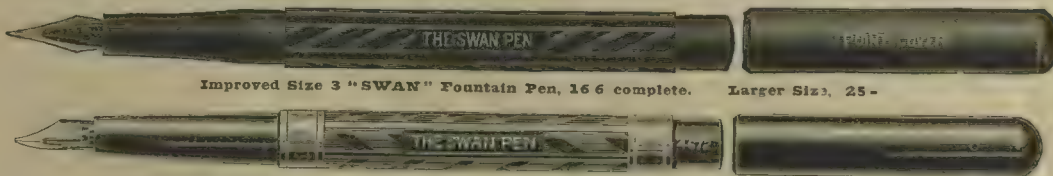
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ailment. But there is no certainty as yet, and what research, focussed and concentrated, may do is to take up the old threads of the story, to discover new ones, and to weave them all into a consistent fabric of knowledge—the knowledge that shall place in the hands of medical men the means of cure. When we consider that cancer not only has attained a very high rate of mortality, but that it is on the increase among us, the need for "more light" here becomes very obvious. Some figures have been lately furnished which fully demonstrate the serious proportions which cancer has assumed. We are told in the last returns of the Registrar-General that in England and Scotland the deaths from cancer numbered 23,196, and in Ireland 2634, or, putting the facts in another way, we may say that the British deaths from this source number 802 per million persons living, and the Irish deaths 586.

Twenty years or so ago, the deaths in Great Britain from this cause amounted to 500 per million only, so that, explain it how we may, cancer has shown a very decided advance indeed. Some there are who explain the increase by saying that we have more exact certification of the causes of death, and that many deaths are now correctly returned as due to cancer which formerly were credited to other troubles. But this fact alone will not explain such an increase as the figures of the Registrar-General show to be represented in our midst. The argument was the same when the increase of insanity came to be considered. It was held that many more insane came under treatment than formerly, and this desire for curative help naturally sent up the numbers. The opinion has been growing

strongly that there is a real increase in both ailments, and, certainly, even if this were not so in the case of cancer, we have to face a peculiarly dangerous ailment, one almost hopeless of cure unless it be taken in hand in its early days, and therefore a disease the elucidation of which is especially demanded in the interests of suffering humanity at large.

And a mysterious ailment no doubt it is. There is every likelihood that the "omnipresent germ" or parasite will be found to be the cause of the disease; only that germ must be isolated, cultivated, and demonstrated without cavil to be the cause of cancer. Nothing less will content those who have set their minds to the task of discovering what cancer is, and how it is begotten and developed in the tissues of the living body. There have been suggestions that cancer flourishes in regions in which the soil is damp, and where rivers habitually overflow their banks. Other observers have credited the presence of trees near houses with exercising an unfavourable influence on the inhabitants in respect of cancer-causation. Others, again, have told us of "cancer-houses," just as medical men speak of "consumption-houses" wherein a special liability to contract that disease seems to exist. In the case of consumption one can understand this result if the germs of the disease are not routed out of the domicile; but the case of the cancer-houses is more difficult to understand, unless, indeed, we call the germ theory to our aid here also. But it is a noble labour, this in which science is engaged, and everyone must wish that it may be attended with the fullest success. May I suggest to some of our rich

philanthropists that there may be many less deserving objects whereon to lavish a little of their superfluous cash than the endowment of researches such as those now being undertaken at the Middlesex Hospital.

Everything connected with the defender of Mafeking must be popular, and therefore Mr. Riemschneider may confidently expect a large circulation for his engraving of Mr. Frank Baden-Powell's painting entitled "Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell at Mafeking." The photographure is an admirable reproduction of the spirited original, and represents the General on a redoubt overlooking the Molopo River at early morning.

We heartily commend to our readers' generosity the fund which has been started to aid the widow and four little children of Police-Constable Thompson, who was brutally murdered in Whitechapel on Dec. 1. Thompson, an officer with an excellent record of service, fell in the execution of his duty, and leaves a widow and four children under four years of age. The small pension which she will receive from the Police Fund will not be adequate for the maintenance of the family, and it is hoped that the public response to the present appeal will be hearty. Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Vicar of the parish, the Rev. F. John Hobbins, 25, Stepney Green, E., or may be paid to the account of the "Thompson Fund," London and South-Western Bank (Stepney branch), 368, Commercial Road, E., or to the London and Westminster Bank, Whitechapel Road, E.

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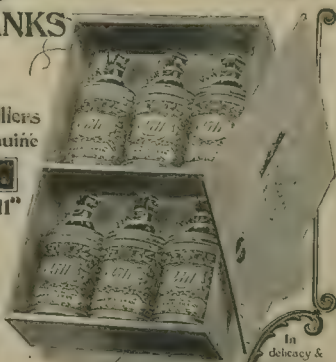
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MUSIC.

At the Saturday Popular Concert at the St. James's Hall on Dec. 8, Lady Hallé made her penultimate appearance and played three times. Her solo was that sonata of Tartini called "El trillo del Diavolo," scored for the violin with a pianoforte accompaniment. The (true) legend, purporting to come from Tartini himself, is quaint and prettier than the sonata, which is a favourite with violinists more for its opportunities of flexible shakes and runs than from much actual merit. The legend runs that Tartini, dreaming of a compact he had made with the devil, gave him his violin and demanded from him an original composition. So exquisite was the result in melody and taste that Tartini, on waking, tried in vain to stereotype the fugitive impressions of his dream. So inferior was his result, though it is the best of his compositions, that he said he would have broken his fiddle and eschewed music had it not been his means of subsistence. With this tale in one's mind, fancy seems to hear diabolical laughter lurking under the formal trills and cadences, mocking at the ineffectual efforts of human memory. The opening work of the programme was also a sonata, one of Brahms' latest productions, written for the piano and violin. Lady Hallé and Mlle. Stockmarr were the exponents. The sonata is delightful in its clearness and precision of form, and there is a unique third movement in which a dominant pedal is sustained through the movement until the recapitulation begins. Mlle. Stockmarr, a pianist of considerable delicacy of taste and distinction, played a Ballade in G minor of Grieg, founded on a Norwegian folk-song, with variations from the simple theme,

At the second concert of the Royal Choral Society, the oratorio selected was "Judas Maccabæus." Why such an excellent society should elect to spend its energies on so dreary a work of Handel it is perhaps not easy to guess. Of course, there are some beautiful airs and some stirring martial chorus-work, where the society, in exquisite precision of attack and finish, was beyond reproach, and in which the charge of lack of vigour made over its performance of the "Elijah" could not be repeated. Everything that could be done to persuade the unfortunate audience they were not having a dull evening was done. The soloists were all excellent. Mr. Charles Saunders deserves especial mention.

On Dec. 5 the Stock Exchange gave their first subscription orchestral concert in the big Queen's Hall. The orchestra is excellent, and gave a very creditable performance of Beethoven's Symphony in A, more generally known as No. 7. So beautiful, so masterly a work demands a skilled conductor and a powerful orchestra, and these were not lacking; nor is the ordinary conclusion to be made, although the standard is necessarily an amateur one. The orchestra rather frittered itself away over P. Thorne's trivial and somewhat sickly *suite de ballet*, "Les Noces d'Arlequin"; but gathered itself up for a vigorous performance of the "Overture Solennelle" by Tchaikowsky. Every accessory that could be employed was used, saving only the rounds of artillery, with which Tchaikowsky himself had intended replacing the roll of the drum, had this overture been given in the square before the Cathedral. Some very fine bells were used, and the pictorial effects of the strangled "Marseillaise," that is never

completely heard, and of the retreat of the French from burning Moscow, were in no way lost. Besides the orchestra, there were some part-songs well sung, though not very interesting ones from the point of composition.

Two very charming matinées were given, one on Thursday, Dec. 6, at the Grosvenor Crescent Club, in which Miss Llewellyn Toms played very beautifully two violin solos, a nocturne of Chopin, and "La Rondo des Latins," of Bazzini; and one at the Woman's Institute in Grosvenor Crescent, in which Miss Janet Duff sang that most alluring song from St. Saëns' opera "Samson et Dalila," "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," and Korbay's "My brave boy." Miss Annie Stokes played very conscientiously two movements from a concerto of Viennetemps.

At a concert given by Miss Katie Smith at the Steinway Hall on Monday, Dec. 10, the graceful song-cycle of Liza Lehmann, "In a Persian Garden," Miss Lehmann's setting of Omar Khayyam's quatrains, was sung by Miss Katie Smith, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Knowles, and lastly, and most beautifully, by Miss Muriel Foster, who took the fourth part, the contralto, literally at the eleventh hour, without previous study, owing to the sudden illness of Miss Mario Bellas.

M. I. H.

We have received an artist's proof of the picture by Mr. J. R. Weguelin entitled "Supplication." The picture, which was exhibited in the New Gallery, is pleasantly reminiscent of Horace's well-known ode "Caelo Supinas." The publisher is Mr. Richard Wyman, 24, Bedford Street, Strand.

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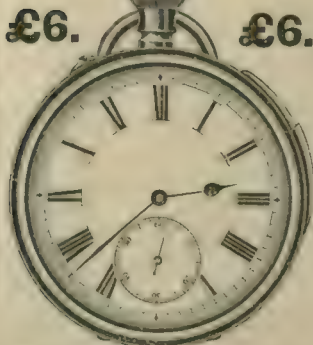
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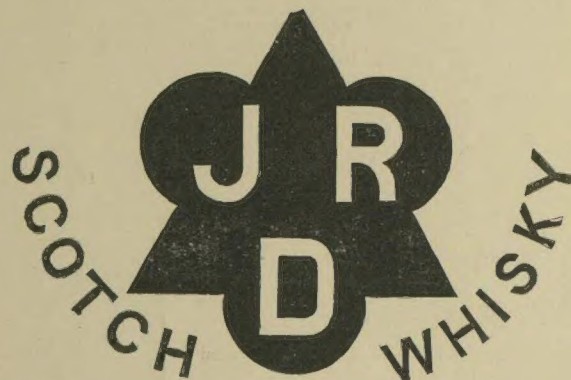
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£1000 to his son. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life.

The will (dated July 28, 1879) of Mr. Thomas Henry Bennett, J.P., of Cobham Court, Cobham, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Nov. 19 by Theodore Joseph Bennett, the brother, and James Bell, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,991. The testator gives his furniture and household effects, and the use for life of his pictures and plate to his wife, Mrs. Florence Julia Bennett, and £10,000 to the trustees of his marriage settlement. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated July 27, 1900) of Mr. James Frederick Wileman, J.P., of The Hollies, Stafford, who died on Sept. 21, has been proved by John Shaw Goddard and George Frank Paddock, the executors, the value of the estate

being £29,273. Subject to a legacy of £50 each to his executors, he leaves all his property to his three daughters, Margaret Eliza, Maud Mary, and Lilian Emma.

The Scotch confirmation of the Commissariat of Inverness of the wills and settlement (dated February 1867, April 19, 1882, and Jan. 30, 1899) of Mr. Eneas William Mackintosh, M.P. for Inverness Burghs 1868-74, of Raigmore, Inverness, who died on June 18, granted to Mrs. Grace Ellen Augusta Mackintosh, the widow, Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., and Fletcher Norton Menzies, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Nov. 12, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £25,713.

The will (dated April 25, 1896) of Mr. Henry Montagu Draper, of Locker's Park, Hemel Hempstead, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Nov. 14 by Mrs. Amy Elizabeth

Draper, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £22,356. The testator leaves all his property to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will and codicil of Mr. Francis John Van der Pant, of 22, Kingsworth Gardens, Folkestone, and late of Elm Lawn, Kingston-on-Thames, who died on Aug. 31, were proved on Nov. 10 at the Canterbury District Registry by Mrs. Emma Van der Pant, the widow, Horace William Van der Pant, the son, and Harry Shiel Elster Van der Pant, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £15,037.

Letters of Administration of the estate of Mr. Robert Emlyn Lofft, of Troston Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, who died on Oct. 9, intestate, have been granted to Mrs. Lætitia Holden, the sister, one of the next of kin, the value of the estate being £7101.

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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to—See the "Times," July 15, 1893.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davonport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times" Jan. 12, 1896: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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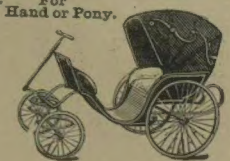
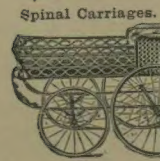
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

On two occasions last week Canon Gore delivered admirable addresses on behalf of the Christian Social Union. His appeal to the public to avoid the purchase of lead-glazed pottery is likely to have a far-reaching practical result. He and the other leaders of the Union are also much interested in the rehousing question, but they have hitherto shown little initiative in the not less pressing problem of Temperance reform.

The Rev. W. G. Andrewes, the Venerable Master of St. Cross, Winchester, is about to resign his office on account of ill-health. He will, however, continue to occupy his house at St. Cross.

The Bishop-elect of Guiana, the Rev. E. H. Parry, will be consecrated on Holy Innocents' Day at Canterbury. The degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred upon him by Oxford University. The Bishop sails at the end of the year for South America.

A very interesting resolution was brought forward at this week's meeting of the English Church Union, held in the Parochial Hall, Lavender Hill, S.W. It was proposed that a register should be maintained by the incumbent and churchwardens of every parish, containing the names of those who are qualified to exercise the rights of lay members

of the Church of England. No one who has not been baptised and confirmed will be placed on the register. This motion was supported by Canon Gore, Mr. F. Holiday, and the Rev. W. Crouch.

The *Church Times* is the only important Anglican journal which has criticised Bishop Ryle's appointment at all unfavourably. His personal gifts and scholarly attainments are admitted, but the *Church Times* hopes he will read no more papers on the "Protestant Church," and that he will give the Ladies' League a wide berth. Anglicans generally consider the choice of Bishop Ryle one of the happiest of Lord Salisbury's selections.

The Bishop of Natal will enter on his duties as Vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, about the end of January. He will be in the diocese of the Bishop of Southwell.

Some of the City churches have arranged for special courses of Advent sermons. In the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, Canons Newbolt, Scott Holland, and Gore are giving Thursday evening addresses to men. A Litany desk will be placed in this church in memory of the late Dean Cowie, who spent the most active years of his life as its incumbent.

At the time of writing, the latest reports of the Bishop of London are favourable. For some days his condition

gave cause for grave anxiety, but he is now sleeping well and taking nourishment freely.

Very interesting speeches were made at the Oxford annual meeting of the S.P.G. The Rector of Mafeking stated that but for this venerable society South Africa would not exist at all as a province of the Church. The general spirit of the garrison during the siege was, he said, distinctly a religious one. Its members attended church in a most praiseworthy manner. Father Waggett, who has lately become so popular as a High Church preacher, said Imperialism would never supply the force for carrying on Christian missions.

Under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and Prince and Princess Henry of Pless, Mr. Holmes Kingston is organising an entertainment to be given on Monday afternoon, Dec. 17, in aid of Lady Lansdowne's Officers' Wives and Children's Fund. A feature of the matinee will be the performance, for the first time on the London stage, of a musical play without words by Herr Josef Bayer, entitled "Die Puppenfee," in which Miss Sylvia Storey, Mr. Fred Storey, and Mr. Robb Harwood will appear.

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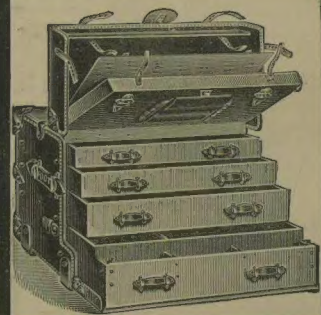
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